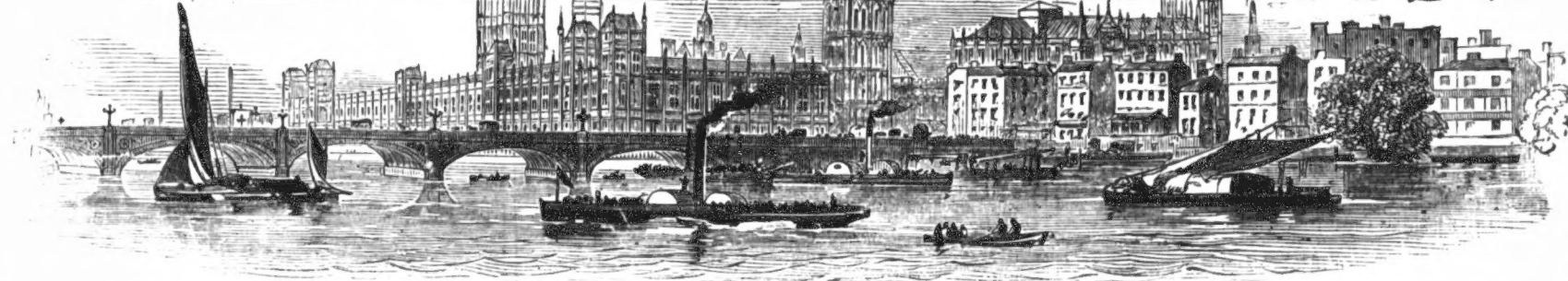


*John Dick 313 Strand*

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.



## Notes of the Week.

MR. LANKESTER held an inquest at the Hall Arms, Paddington, on the body of Sarah Boyd, aged about thirty-two years, who committed suicide by taking oxalic acid, through disappointment in love and marriage. It appeared that the deceased had for three years been in the service of a family in Kensington-gardens-terrace, and had corresponded with a young man, to whom she was to have been married last summer, but was deceived. Being in ill-health she was naturally reserved and quiet, but still made her complaints to a fellow-servant. She left her situation a few days previously, and took another in the family of James Campbell, Esq., of 20, Sussex-square. She still preserved her quiet demeanour, but on Wednesday morning week she was found to be very ill, and medical assistance was called in. From appearances it was supposed she had taken poison, and before the stomach-pump could arrive she expired. On the previous Saturday she told her late fellow-servant she did not think she should live over Sunday, as she had that by her that would soon deprive her of life. After her death the police found a paper, labelled "Oxalic acid—poison," and several letters; the latter, however, showing merely that she was well connected in Scotland. There was also a bank-book containing her savings deposited in the St. Martin's Savings' Bank, amounting to £79. Mr. Beale, surgeon, of Paddington, had made the post mortem examination, and found that poison was the cause of death. The coroner remarked on the state of the brain, and said it was very probable that her disappointed love was one cause of accelerating derangement. A verdict of "Suicide by poison, while temporarily deranged," was returned.

On Sunday morning the driver of the goods train which arrives at Swindon Station on the Great Western Railway at two o'clock was passing Hay-lane, midway between Wootton Bassett and Swindon, when he perceived something lying between the rails on the up line. The engine was stopped, and it was found to be the body of a woman, about forty years of age, quite dead. The legs of the deceased were broken; the head was crushed. There were no marks by which she could be identified. The deceased was dressed as if for travelling. The body was brought on a truck to Swindon Station.

On Sunday morning, shortly after twelve o'clock, and just as the King's Arms Tavern, No. 42, in Tothill-street, Westminster, was closed, it was found that the upper part of the extensive establishment was on fire. The proprietor, Mr. J. Roberts, at once proceeded to ascertain the cause of the misfortune, when he found that the second floor front, the staircase, and the lower portion of the premises were in flames. Several engines quickly arrived, but in spite of the strenuous exertions of the firemen, the flames were not extinguished until a serious amount of property was destroyed. The third floor and contents were nearly burned out, and the fire had descended as low as the first floor. It is not a little remarkable that Hedge's steamer (the *Torrent*) was quickly on the spot from the distillery in Lambeth, although the same engine had attended four previous fires, and had worked for five hours at a great City fire only a few hours before. The whole of the inmates fortunately escaped in safety. The Royal Society's escapes promptly attended, but the occupants had escaped before their arrival, which was within two minutes after the fire was discovered. The origin of the misfortune, or whether or not the sufferer was insured, could not be ascertained.

On Sunday morning, at an early hour, the shop of Mr. Solomon, silversmith and jeweller, of Cornmarket-street, Oxford, was broken open, and jewellery, watches, &c., to the value of above £200, were stolen. The thieves cut a circular piece out of one of the shutters sufficiently large to admit a man's arm; they then broke one of the panes, and helped themselves to all the gold and silver watches, jewellery, &c., within reach. Having secured their plunder, they reinserted the circular piece which had been cut out, so that the policeman, who passed the shop several times after the robbery, did not observe anything particular to arouse suspicion. It was only when Mr. Solomon came down to breakfast that he discovered his loss and the way by which the robbery was effected.

## WIFE POISONING IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

An adjourned inquest on the body of Emma Hutchins, wife of John Hutchins, innkeeper, of Waltham, near Melton, was opened before E. H. M. Clarke, coroner, and a jury. The inquiry commenced on December 3rd, but was adjourned for the evidence of Professor Taylor.

At the previous inquiry evidence was given showing that the deceased had been ill-treated by her husband, and the deceased had told a witness, named Sarah Hornbuckle, that she had taken something which she thought was magnesia, but it tasted like copperas. The witness asked deceased what she took it for, and she replied, "He stood over me, and made me take it. Before I took it, he told me it was magnesia, and after I had taken it he said it was arsenic." The deceased died on Thursday. On being told his wife was dead, he replied, "If she is dead she is poisoned," and afterwards said, "If she is dead, I'll die too; I don't want to die like a dog."

Messrs. Barwis and Maryan, surgeons, made a post mortem examination, and sent a report to Professor Taylor.

Dr. Taylor was now present, and said: The conclusion from this analysis is that arsenic was present in the stomach, small intestines, and liver of deceased. It was also present in the yellow-coloured vomited matter, and in the bloody contents of the stomach. The quantity of white arsenic separated from the stomach and contents amounted to about seven grains. In the stomach and contents as well as in the small intestines, traces of antimony were detected in a state of mixture with the arsenic. The presence of antimony is accounted for by the information given me by Mr. Barwis that, during the illness of the deceased, a preparation of antimony (tartar emetic) had been administered to her in small doses. "Taking the appearances presented by the stomach, small intestines, and rectum, in connection with the discovery of eleven grains of white arsenic in the stomach and contents, mixed with blood and mucus, I am of opinion that the deceased died from the effects of arsenic. It is desirable to know how far this opinion admits of confirmation by the symptoms which preceded the death of the deceased."

The two medical gentlemen present agreed with the evidence of Dr. Taylor, and

The jury, after a few minutes' consultation, returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against the deceased's husband, John Hutchins, and the prisoner was accordingly committed on the coroner's warrant.

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND.—"It has evidently been Mr. Benson's object to render them rivals in point of beauty of decoration to the elegant Swiss knickknacks, and at the same time to preserve the characteristics of an English watch—strength, durability, and accuracy."—*Standard*, Nov. 15, 1863. Chronometer, duplex, lever, horizontal, repeaters, centre seconds, keyless, split seconds, and every description of watch, adapted to all climates. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Watches (free by post for two stamps) contains a short history of watchmaking, with prices from three to 200 guineas each. It acts as a guide in the purchase of a watch, and enables those who live in any part of the world to select a watch, and have it sent safe by post. "Rize Metal and Honourable Mention, Classes 23 and 15. J. W. Benson, 33 and 31 Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by Special Warrant of Appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales." [Advertisement.]

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

Marshal Forey has arrived in Paris. The Emperor will be glad to see him, but will grieve to hear what he has to say about Mexico. If the marshal have spoken to his Sovereign as to his friends, he will have told him that no sacrifice of Frenchmen or money will ever prevail upon the Mexicans to tolerate their presence in the country, or to accept a Sovereign from the Emperor's hands. He describes the army as harassed, discontented, decimated by diseases which defy the skill of the ablest army surgeons. To a man they pine to return to their country, not from any desire to shirk their duties; for the French soldier is ever ready to go where glory waits him; but no glory is to be got in Mexico, and before he left he promised his comrades that he would use his influence with the Emperor to obtain their recall.

## DENMARK.

A letter from Copenhagen of the 14th inst. states that the Danish troops in Holstein have positively received orders to withdraw from the province without resistance as soon as the Federal troops shall enter. The day of the anniversary of the battle of Schlesledt, the Holstein troops at Copenhagen were assembled to hear a proclamation read, reminding them that their fathers had fought victoriously on that day side by side with the Danish troops, and telling them that the King relied on their fidelity in case of war. The troops responded with cries three times repeated of "Long live Christian IX."

## AMERICA.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Mr. Lincoln's message to Congress states that the Federal Government is in peace and friendship with all foreign Powers; that the crisis which threatened to divide the friends of the Union is past; that the rebellion is pressed within its narrowest limits, and declares his determination to adhere strictly to his emancipation policy so long as he shall remain the executive. Accompanying the message is a proclamation, in which Mr. Lincoln proffers an amnesty to all the people of the Confederate States, excepting the heads of the Government, the principal military and naval officers, and those who have been concerned in treating coloured persons captured in the Federal army other than as prisoners of war, upon the condition that they will swear to support the Constitution and the Union, all the acts of Congress, and all proclamations of the President made during the war, until such acts and proclamations may be declared void by the Supreme Court. He further proclaims that wherever the citizens of any of the seceded States not less in number than one-tenth of the votes cast in such States in the Presidential election of 1860 shall re-establish a local Government which shall not contain their prescribed oath, the State shall be remitted to the Union.

Lengthy reports from the war, navy, and other departments were also submitted.

Mr. Stanton reviews the military operations of the past year, and regards the situation everywhere as satisfactory, excepting at Charleston. He advises the enlistment of negro troops with the same pay as the white soldiers, and if it should be found necessary for their protection, declares that the strictest retaliation of treatment of prisoners shall be resorted to. He concludes with the hope that his next report may announce the complete overthrow of the rebellion and the restoration of peace.

Mr. Welles admits the failure of operations against Charleston, but claims credit for the efficiency of the blockade, which he states to be 3,549 miles in length, by the vessels of which 1,049 blockade runners of all descriptions have been captured, besides those destroyed by the navy on the Western rivers. He has been cheered, he says, in the discharge of his arduous duties by the assured conviction that the Federal navy has, under his direction, achieved great and new historical renown.

Mr. Chase's report says that success quite beyond his expectations has crowned his efforts; also that the receipts in the Treasury from the sale of bonds and the internal revenue have been much greater, and the expenses of the Government much less, than the estimates.

General Foster, under date of Tazewell, Tennessee, the 7th, officially informs General Halleck of the raising of the siege of Knoxville by General Longstreet. General Sherman's advanced guard of cavalry reached Knoxville on the 3rd, and on the night of the 4th General Longstreet withdrew his forces towards Bristol, on the line of the East Tennessee Railway, following the course of the Holston river. On the 6th General Sherman's main body arrived at Knoxville, when his cavalry, as well as that of General Foster, were sent in pursuit of the Confederates. Skirmishing with General Longstreet's rearguard has commenced among the Clinch Mountains. It is believed that General Longstreet will rejoin General Lee in Virginia.

General Thomas Francis Meagher was captured by the Confederates during a skirmish on Mine Run last week.

General French is reported to have been relieved of his late command in the army of the Potomac, and ordered under arrest for alleged misconduct in the recent Federal movement across the Rapidan.

## KING CHRISTMAS.

HURRAH! hurrah! for the jolly old King,  
Hurrah! for the wassail bowl,  
Hurrah! for the merry good times he'll bring,  
With his frosted evergreen'd poll.  
There's a smile on his lip, a leer in his eye,  
As he lifts his measure of wine;  
"Come, pledge me a bumper; re-echo the cry,"  
Is the signal for all to combine  
In raising a shout—a merry, glad shout,  
For many good things he'll bring;  
Let pleasure abound, as the toast goes round,  
"Hurrah! for the Christmas King!"

A welcome, right hearty, the host gives to all,  
As the boar's-head in triumph they bring,  
With the proud feather'd bird, and torches withal,  
To light up our Christmas King.

Come strike up a tune, as in olden time:  
The jester may now have his fling;  
Let the poor gather round, draw them ale, and, in fine,  
Give what will most happiness bring;  
And cause them to shout a merry glad shout,  
For many good things 'twill bring,  
Let pleasure abound, as the toast goes round,  
"Hurrah! for the Christmas King!"

The flowing punch bowl, seething high with its fumes,  
'Twill add to the turkey a zest;  
The belly-crown'd pudding, and bright feathered plume  
Of the bird so invitingly dressed  
Is certain to cheer the merry maids all  
As they hark with their swains in such glee,  
Where all will be glad to respond to the call,  
King Christmas, a welcome to thee;  
And join in a shout—a merry, glad shout,  
For many good things he'll bring;  
Let pleasure abound, as the toast goes round,  
"Hurrah! for the Christmas King!"

\* See illustration, page 433.

## THE COURT-MARTIAL ON COLONEL CRAWLEY.

COLONEL CRAWLEY has delivered his address in his own defence. It was lengthy, and dealt unapologetically with the witnesses who had been called to prove the charges against him. He complained that the charges were too limited in their character. If they had been more comprehensive they would, he said, have brought out his entire justification. He found the regiment in a state bordering on mutiny, and took prompt measures to restore subordination. He denied that these measures were cruel, or that they were, by his orders, carried out with undue severity. He asked the court to discredit the statements of Lieutenant Fitzalmon, and severely criticised the conduct of that officer. Finally, he contended that on every ground he was entitled to a complete acquittal. He then called several witnesses to character, and the court adjourned.

Sir A. Horsford rose to reply. He first of all read the orders issued by Colonel Crawley for the arrest of the sergeant-major, and, after contending that however necessary it might have been to have kept the other sergeant-major in close arrest, the same order did not apply to Sergeant-Major Lilley, inasmuch as he was a man of unprecedented good character. The prisoner had said it was necessary to place the sentry inside the room of Sergeant-Major Lilley to prevent the prisoner's being tampered with, and with the further object of especially preventing Paymaster Smales having any communication with him; but the prosecution contended that it was proved that Colonel Crawley had kept the sentry within Sergeant-Major Lilley's quarters solely out of a petty tyranny, and the only reason that existed for the arrest of Sergeant-Major Lilley was simply to prevent his having any communication with Paymaster Smales, which prohibition, he contended, was absolutely illegal, quoting in favour of his argument the treatment Colonel Crawley had received in the present investigation, having had the freest access, not alone to his own witnesses, but to those of the prosecution also, a privilege that he had deprived Sergeant-Major Lilley of down to the day of his death. This was an arbitrary act on the part of the prisoner, and he contended that when the prisoner refused to release Sergeant-Major Lilley from close arrest to simple arrest, it became a question whether or no the prisoner was responsible for all that subsequently occurred—to say the least of it, it was conducted on the part of Colonel Crawley highly condemnatory. The articles of war provided that no person should be kept in solitary confinement for more than eight days, and, therefore, Colonel Crawley had rendered himself liable to be cashiered for violating those articles. He then proceeded to show by the evidence of various witnesses, that Sergeant-Major Lilley and his wife had been subjected to great and grievous hardships, consequent upon the manner in which the prisoner had carried out his order for close arrest. He pointed out that the cloak, which was hung up, did not prevent Mrs. Lilley being annoyed by the presence of the sentry, and maintained that the answers of the prisoner upon these points were as plainly to be seen through as the "chick" itself. The prosecutor next reviewed the evidence with reference to the bungalows assigned to Sergeant-Major Lilley, contending that, as regarded the second bungalow, Sir Hugh Rose had been misled; for, if he had known that Sergeant-Major Lilley and his wife had been confined to one room, he would, to use his own words, have found it "ground for serious disapprobation." Even as far as the exercise allowed to Sergeant-Major Lilley, the punishment gradually increased in severity, inasmuch as at the first the sergeant-major went jogging round the race-course with the sentry; but subsequently an order was issued that he should follow fifteen or twenty feet in the rear on the parade ground, so that there should be no conversation whatever between them. Although the prisoner expressed himself surprised at receiving any complaint from Sergeant-Major Lilley, he took no steps until a month afterwards to remedy the cause of the complaint. The whole charge against Lilley, the prosecutor went on to remark, was founded upon fabrication, which the long-standing good character of the sergeant-major should have dissipated. The prosecutor then proceeded to defend the witnesses for the prosecution against the insinuations of the prisoner, to the effect that they had committed perjury, and concluded, after speaking for two hours, by calling upon the court, if the prosecution had proved the case to their satisfaction, to decide accordingly. Colonel Piper then said, "The court is closed." Thus ended this protracted trial, as for as public investigation is concerned; and therefore, the incessant topic of the "Crawley Court Martial," which by this must be as familiar as household words, will fade into oblivion to be refreshed only when the decision of the court is officially declared and ratified by the Commander-in-Chief.

AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—Mr. F. Strange, so well and favourably known at the Crystal Palace, has taken the above hall, in conjunction with a Mr. Pulleyn, for a series of entertainments, which are to commence on Boxing day, and to continue during the month of January. The body of the hall is to form a large amphitheatre, which will be adapted to every kind of equestrian entertainment. Tournaments on a very grand scale will take place during the day, and other amusements too numerous to mention in a preliminary notice. From the well-known liberality of the lessee, Mr. Strange, we feel confident that an entertainment in every way suited to the public taste will be provided.

SKINNING A DOG ALIVE.—At the county magistrates' office at Rochester, Nathaniel Brazier and Isaiah Francis, labourers, were charged, by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with cruelly torturing a dog on the 12th inst. by flaying it alive. It appeared, from the evidence of a lady and other respectable witnesses that the prisoners were actually engaged in cutting off the skin from a dog while alive, and were so engaged for about half an hour, under the sea wall at Gillingham; and that upon being disturbed they threw the wretched and mutilated animal into the Medway, when it struggled violently, and was ultimately drowned by one of the prisoners holding it under the water with a scull or oar. For the defence it was contended that the throat was cut previously, but on a recall of the witness it was shown that this was not done until half-an-hour after the head and body and hind legs had been flayed. The Rev. Mr. Formby (chairman of the bench) said it was with great pain the magistrates had felt it their duty to convict the prisoners. In all his experience he had never heard of a more gross case of cruelty. The evidence was very conclusive, and it was most gratifying that there existed a society energetic and diligent to punish offences against dumb animals. The prisoners would be committed to Maidstone gaol for two months with hard labour.

THE question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newt N. Wilson & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[Advertisement.]

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Munn, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

HALL'S LUNG RESTORER—for Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. J. W. Sizemith, Esq., writes:—"Three 2s. 6d. bottles cured my daughter of a consumptive cough of long standing." Prepared by T. Hall, 6, Commercial-street, Shoreditch, London, N.E., and sold by most chemists. Ask your nearest chemist to procure a bottle from any of the medicine houses.—[Advertisement.]



## EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

In the Divorce Court has been tried a case *Fitzgerald v. Fitzgerald*. The petitioner, Charlotte Georgina Fitzgerald, prayed for a dissolution of her marriage with William Henry Dominick Fitzgerald on the ground of adultery, coupled with cruelty. The adultery was alleged to have been committed with Georgina Mallet, the wife of Hugh Mallet, at Dublin Castle, in 1857 and 1858, and at 4, Scarsdale villas, Kensington, in 1858 and 1859. The respondent denied all the charges in the petition.

Mr. M. Chambers, Q.C., and Dr. Wamsey appeared for the petitioner; the Queen's Advocate, Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., and Dr. Spiuk for the respondent.

Mr. M. Chambers, in opening the case, said it was a very painful instance of an unhappy marriage. The petitioner married Major Fitzgerald on the 12th of November, 1857, at St. George's, Hanover-square. He was a gentleman of rank and position, the son of Lord William Fitzgerald; and the lady, who was of equal rank and position, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bettesworth. Her parents were wealthy, and it would seem from their subsequent history that Major Fitzgerald had been induced to offer her his hand entirely from mercenary motives. At the time of the marriage he was involved in debt to a considerable extent, and a settlement had been executed by her parents by which £20,000 and £30,000 was settled upon them.

Charlotte Georgina Fitzgerald, examined by Mr. M. Chambers: I was married to Major Fitzgerald at St. George's, Hanover-square, on the 12th of November, 1857. We went to Folkestone, and then to Paris immediately after the marriage. We stayed at the Hotel des Deux Mondes. We were in Paris for seven or eight days. He used to go out in the morning directly after breakfast, and to leave me alone until dinner time, half-past seven or eight o'clock, to amuse myself as I could. He took me out once, only to the Bois de Boulogne, at the instigation of the landlady. He spoke of my parents in the most offensive way. He called my father a scoundrel, and my mother a sharper and a designing wicked old woman. He treated me very ill indeed, both in language and in manner. He showed his contempt for me in every possible way. He took a fan of mine to be repaired. I did not get it back, and he told me it was lost. When I asked him for it he said one of my lovers had given it to me, and I should never have it again. No lover had given it to me. From Paris we went to Dover-street, London. While we were there I asked him for a riding-hat. He said Mrs. Mallet had sent one back which she did not like, and it would do for me. He constantly mentioned the Mallets. I objected to take the hat. From the manner in which he spoke of Mrs. Mallet I could form only one conclusion. He spoke of her in a very *empress* manner. We went to Ireland together. He was restless and fidgety on the journey, and looked strange. I asked if anything was the matter. He said "No." He added, "I never did love you, and I married you only for your money, and I shall curse my father to my dying day for not having prevented the marriage, knowing what my feelings were towards you." This was about a fortnight after the marriage. About the 1st of December we arrived in Ireland, and stayed there about three weeks at an hotel. He was deputy-assistant quartermaster-general. He used to come home about half-past seven in the evening. He treated me rather worse than he had done at Paris. He used to call me an old scrow, and a battered creature, and other insulting names. He used to say things of that kind to me without the least exasperation. He never did it before servants. He requested that the first visit I paid in Dublin should be to Mrs. Mallet. One day at dinner he threw a letter from my father's solicitor across the table, and said, "There are some of your plots again; the lawyer has had the impudence to suggest that my father should pay some of the expenses of the settlement. It is a trick between you and your parents. My marriage has been a — imposition from beginning to end." He has also said that he hoped I should not be beast enough to have any children, for if they were like me they would be disgusting little imps. We took a furnished house at 7, Hume-street, for six months. We stayed from the 1st of January until the 15th of May, 1858. Several invitations were sent to me. He answered them without any reference to me, and always refused them. I told him I thought it very rude of him. He said he was not going about like an ass with his wife tied to his tail. The only place we dined at was his father's, Lord W. Fitzgerald, on Christmas Day, and at Mrs. Mallet's three days afterwards. He said he would not go to any ball with me. I told him that Lord W. Fitzgerald had said that if he did not take me to a ball at the castle, to which I had been invited, he (Lord W.) would. He then consented to take me. On the night of the ball I dropped one of my gloves on the pavement as I was getting into the carriage. I said I must get another one, and he flew into a violent rage, and said his prospects had been blighted by his marriage. I could not help crying all the way to the castle, and I was so disfigured that I was obliged to wait in the ante-room for some time until I was composed. One day in the middle of March, 1858, I had taken off my things after coming from church, and he called me to him, and asked what made me look such a wretched, battered, old creature; and added "the yellow mask is very bad to-day." He used always to tell me my face was a yellow mask. I said, "You would not dare to say that to Mrs. Mallet, although she is much older than I am." He was very angry, and got up and raised his hand, and I thought he would have knocked me down. I was obliged to step back two or three paces. I asked him how he dared to insult me. He flew into a great rage, and ran down stairs. I was taken ill that evening, and Sir H. Marsh came and saw me and ordered me to bed. I was then in the family-way, and I was attended by Sir H. Marsh and Mr. Dyer. There was a miscarriage. I was ordered to bed on the Sunday, and the miscarriage was on the following Wednesday. It caused me intense suffering. He told me his father had taken him to task for his treatment of me. I was unwell for about six weeks. In May, 1858, we came to England. I stayed at Dover for two months with my parents. He remained in London while I was there, but came to visit me three or four times. He was in the habit of drawing invidious comparisons between myself and other married women. He said that other married women were not such old scrow-crows as I was. He was always praising other women who were unlike me. I went to Folkestone and he joined me, and we returned to Ireland in September or October, 1858. We then lived at Blackrock. His treatment of me did not improve. I had the gastric fever. At times, when I was very bad indeed, he treated me with a little more kindness, but when I was at all better, he ill-treated me again. He would often compare me to a lump of dirt. He has said that other men had got fortunes by marrying women whom they did not love, but he was obliged to lead a beggarly and penny-saving life. He has talked to me about the intrigues of married women, and has advised me, if I was not happy, to do the same. I said, "No; if ever I go off, I shall go to my parents, not to any other man." He said, "You had better not; for the man would soon drop you, like a lump of dirt, if you did." In March, 1859, we returned to England, and we stayed at the Euston-square Hotel for three or four days. The morning after our arrival he said he was going to the Mallets, and he should be out all day. I objected to it. He said his marriage was not going to deprive him of the dearest friends he had in the world, and it was the only house he cared about going to. We then lodged at 6, Pont-street, Belgrave-square, where we stayed about a fortnight. He did not keep in the house. On the 28th of March, 1859, we removed to Chester-street. I was then near my confinement. My father had hired a furnished house for us. The day we were about to move he came to Pont-street, and said he wished to dine at home. I asked him if he would mind dining at his club, as the servants were all busy, and I did

not feel well. He said he would dine at home. I went out in the carriage to send in the dinner. I returned home after dark. He was in the dining-room in Chester-street. He appeared to be in a very excited state, and was livid with rage. He told me to come in, slammed the door, and asked where I had been. He began swearing at me and his marriage. I said, "Let me go up stairs." He said, "No; I am — if you shall; you shall hear all I have got to say." I said, "This is very cruel of you," and I attempted to go to the door, on which he locked the door, and threw me back on a chair with all his force. I fell down rather heavily, because I was very tired. I was near my confinement, and I felt sick all over when I was thrown down. A servant then knocked at the door. He said, "Don't call the servant; I will take you up stairs;" and he helped me up stairs. I was very ill all that night.

Mr. William Bettesworth, the father of the petitioner, was examined by Dr. Wamsey. He said he lived at Kelford Lacon, Dover. He said he was present at his daughter's wedding, and he visited her and Major Fitzgerald. He was at their place at Braydon, in 1861, and his daughter left with him. In the same month he had a conversation on the beach at Dover with Major Fitzgerald relative to Mrs. Mallet, and he asked him if he had had any connexion with her since the marriage. Major Fitzgerald said, "I won't tell a lie, I have." He asked him how he could have anything to do with a woman who was eleven years older than he (Major Fitzgerald) was, and the latter said Mrs. Mallet was not eleven years older. He answered that he was acquainted with her family, and that she must be at least eleven years older.

Cross-examined by Mr. Huddleston: He met Major Fitzgerald at Malden. His daughter had a temper, like other women, but he could not say that she was a woman who took offence very easily. She was, perhaps, irritable, but not more so than other persons. To the best of his knowledge his daughter and wife were not in the house together for five or six days without speaking, and did not communicate with each other but through letter. In a letter to his daughter of a confidential description, he spoke of the major as being an excellent nurse — being, in fact, a "Florence Nightingale in trousers." (Laughter.) He made that statement from what he heard from Major Fitzgerald and his daughter.

For the defence Major Fitzgerald was called, and positively contradicted the statements made by his wife. He called a host of witnesses, to show that, although occasionally irritable, he treated her with the utmost affection. Mrs. Mallet swore that no immoral intercourse had ever taken place between her and the major.

His lordship then addressed the jury, and after pointing out to them what evidence was necessary to establish legal cruelty, such as would entitle the petitioner to a divorce, he asked whether they were still unanimous in their opinion upon the case, for otherwise he would go through his notes and sum up the facts fully.

The jury, however, having made up their minds, returned a verdict that Major Fitzgerald had not been guilty of cruelty towards his wife, and that he had not committed adultery with Mrs. Mallet.

## THE ROYAL LARDER AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

A visitor to the royal larder at Christmas would not imagine there was much starvation in the land, to see those bounteous displays of nutritious viands and savoury cakes. That paradise of poultry, that emporium of roast beef, venison, mutton, and hams, would tempt the appetite of the most fastidious gourmand; while this temple of turtles would, in the eyes of a City alderman, be all that he could wish to realise as poor living for. The noble stag, with his branching antlers — those rows of delicate birds of all kinds, rare and common — are uncommonly plentiful there. These rare sirloins of beef, how many years would it live in a poor man's memory, if once — only once — he and his family sat down to one so huge and tempting! Alas! he must be content to gaze on the picture of them which we present on page 436.

THE CONDEMNED MURDERER TOWNLEY. — After sentence of death had been passed upon Townley, he was removed to a private room in the County Hall, where he made a hearty dinner immediately afterwards. Townley's mother and aunt were in the sheriff's gallery during the trial, but when Baron Austin was bringing his summing up to a close, Mr. Bourner, the acting under-sheriff's clerk, made a communication to them, and they immediately withdrew, proceeding to the County Hotel, close by. The statement that Townley's father was in court during the passing of the sentence is incorrect. He had sat beside his solicitor, Mr. Leech, during the trial, but happened to be out of court at the time the jury gave in their verdict, and was thus spared the anguish of hearing his son condemned to die upon the scaffold. On the intelligence being broken to Mrs. Townley, she was completely prostrated, and Mr. Gibson was called in to attend her. The condemned criminal was got away from the court by a ruse on the part of the governor, and his departure was not witnessed by the dense mob who had congregated outside the court. On arriving at the gaol his clothes were taken from him, and the prison dress substituted, and he was conveyed to the condemned cell, where two turnkeys remain with him day and night. His father and mother had an interview with him the same evening, and we believe Mr. Mundy, M.P., chairman of the visiting justices, has given them permission to pay frequent visits to their unhappy son — a privilege which they avail themselves of very freely. In addition to the assistance of the gaol chaplain, Townley has the privilege of selecting a spiritual adviser during the brief time he has to live, and he mentioned the name of the Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Manchester, a clergyman of the Established Church, and that gentleman arrived in Derby on Monday morning week, and had an interview with him in his cell. The Rev. Mr. Moore, the gaol chaplain, also visits him daily. His condemnation has not made the slightest alteration in his demeanour. He partakes of his meals heartily, sleeps well, and repeatedly asserts that he was perfectly justified in taking away his victim's life, and that he feels no remorse for the deed. We understand that his friends are actively engaged in getting up memorials to the Home Secretary, not only from Derby, but also from Manchester. Of course, the royal clemency is asked for on the ground of insanity, and it is stated that the memorial will be influentially supported by medical men and the general public. The high sheriff has fixed the execution to take place at noon on Friday, the 1st day of January (New Year's Day), the interval between the sentence and execution being rather more protracted than is usually the case.

HORNIMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents. — [Advertisement.]

HALL'S LUNG RESTORER FOR ASTHMA. — Mr. R. Brooke, Miffield, says: "Three 1s. 1d. bottles of Hall's Lung Restorer completely cured me of an asthmatic complaint of ten years' standing, and this when all else had failed." Prepared by T. Hall, 6, Commercial-st., Shoreditch, London, N.E. And sold by most chemists in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. Ask your nearest chemist to procure you a bottle from any of the medicine warehouses. — [Advertisement.]

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## THE "GHOST" IN COURT.

In the Court of Queen's Bench was tried a case, *Hoffman v. Wilton*, being an action to recover of Mr. Wilton, the proprietor of the Whitechapel Music-hall, for an illegal dismissal, and to recover the sum of fifteen guineas. The defendant pleaded that the plaintiff was unable to fulfil his engagement, and further that he absented himself from the defendant's employment without leave and license.

Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., and Mr. J. O. Griffiths were counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. Serjeant O'Brien and Mr. Charles Pollock were counsel for the defendant.

Mr. Hawkins, in stating the case to the jury, said the plaintiff was well known for producing optical delusions. In July of last year he had entered into an engagement to produce the ghost for Mr. Gear, at the Borough Music-hall, and about the same time he entered into an engagement with the defendant for eight weeks to produce the ghost, at a weekly salary of three guineas. He accordingly set to work, and an experiment was tried between two and three o'clock in the morning — one of the waiters, who probably was by that time charged with spirits, acting as the spirit. (Laughter.) At last the thing was completed, and the plaintiff having written a piece called "Faust," which was approved of by Mr. Wilton, the public exhibition took place. The plaintiff superintended the performance for three or four nights, when the defendant put an end to the engagement on the ground that the plaintiff was not present superintending the performances, and further that he was unable to produce his ghost. (Laughter.)

The plaintiff was called. He deposed that he had been an inventor of conjuring tricks for upwards of twenty years. He proved being engaged by the defendant through a recommendation from Mr. Gear, and that after much difficulty thrown in his way by the defendant he produced the ghost, and superintended its performance for four nights, when the engagement was suddenly put an end to at the end of three weeks.

In cross-examination he said that was the first public exhibition of a ghost scene that he had produced. There was no art in producing a ghost. (Laughter.) It was mere child's play — it was only a reflection. He failed to produce a ghost as it would have appeared from the want of a sheet of glass sufficiently large. The little that was there he produced. (Laughter.)

Mr. Serjeant O'Brien: What did you produce?

Plaintiff: The ghost of a waiter (laughter), or as much as the glass would permit. He rehearsed with a waiter, because the stage was not then sufficiently secure for the young lady who was to be the ghost. The rehearsals could only take place at the conclusion of the ordinary evening performances.

Arthur Burchnell, musician at Mr. Gear's, was called to prove that the plaintiff was employed there to produce a ghost. At the rehearsal it was a failure. Mr. Gear was now producing his own ghost. (Laughter.)

Mr. O'Brien, for the defendant, said his case was simply that the plaintiff had undertaken to perform work which he was unable to do. Like the spirits from the vasty deep, the plaintiff's ghost refused to appear upon the screen when he turned the light, because he could not get the glass at the proper angle so as to throw the reflection.

The defendant was then called. He deposed that he gave the plaintiff a fortnight to get the ghost up, but he failed. At the first rehearsal the defendant appeared to be walking about the hall instead of superintending the ghost's appearance. At the first rehearsal he attempted to produce the ghost of his waiter (laughter), a poor diminutive fellow (laughter) but he failed. Plaintiff had a glass three feet by seven feet, but the glass defendant now used was eleven feet by seven feet. Defendant denied that the plaintiff took any part in the public appearance of the ghost. Plaintiff put witness to the expense of preparing a box from which he was going to produce lightning, but he failed. (Laughter.)

Cross-examined: He gave the credit of producing his ghost to his scene-painter and carpenter. He had no idea how a ghost was produced before he saw the plaintiff's plan. He believed the plaintiff understood the theory of ghosts. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hawkins: Well, how did the plaintiff's ghost go?

Defendant: As well as such a ghost could go. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hawkins: Oh, as well as such a ghost could go.

Defendant: Yes; as an optical illusion the ghost was good. Plaintiff did not attend and superintend it as he ought to have done. At first the thing was a failure. The ghost was still on, and drawing large houses — not, however, the plaintiff's — that only ran five weeks. It drew a little, but not so much as I expected. The public were dissatisfied with it.

Mr. Hawkins: The public are often dissatisfied with a great deal they get.

Defendant: Not with what I am doing now. (Laughter.) He had paid Professor Pepper £50 for permission to do his ghost. He had no occasion to make any alteration in the stage arrangements for Professor Pepper's ghost.

Mr. Chas. Pollock (producing some pieces of paper): This, I believe, is the piece written by the plaintiff for the ghost's directions. (Laughter.) I see here in one place it says, "Be welcome, death, I fear not;" and then there's a crash, and the skeleton appears. (Loud laughter.) Is that the case?

Defendant: Yes; something of that sort.

Ambrose Maynard, of Waterloo-road, theatrical agent, deposed that he introduced the plaintiff to the defendant. He considered the thing a failure. When the first rehearsal took place the ghost of the waiter appeared on the screen, with outstretched arms, his head hanging down, and in general appearance like a man the worse for liquor.

The witness's evidence caused much amusement, for he enacted the part with much drollery.

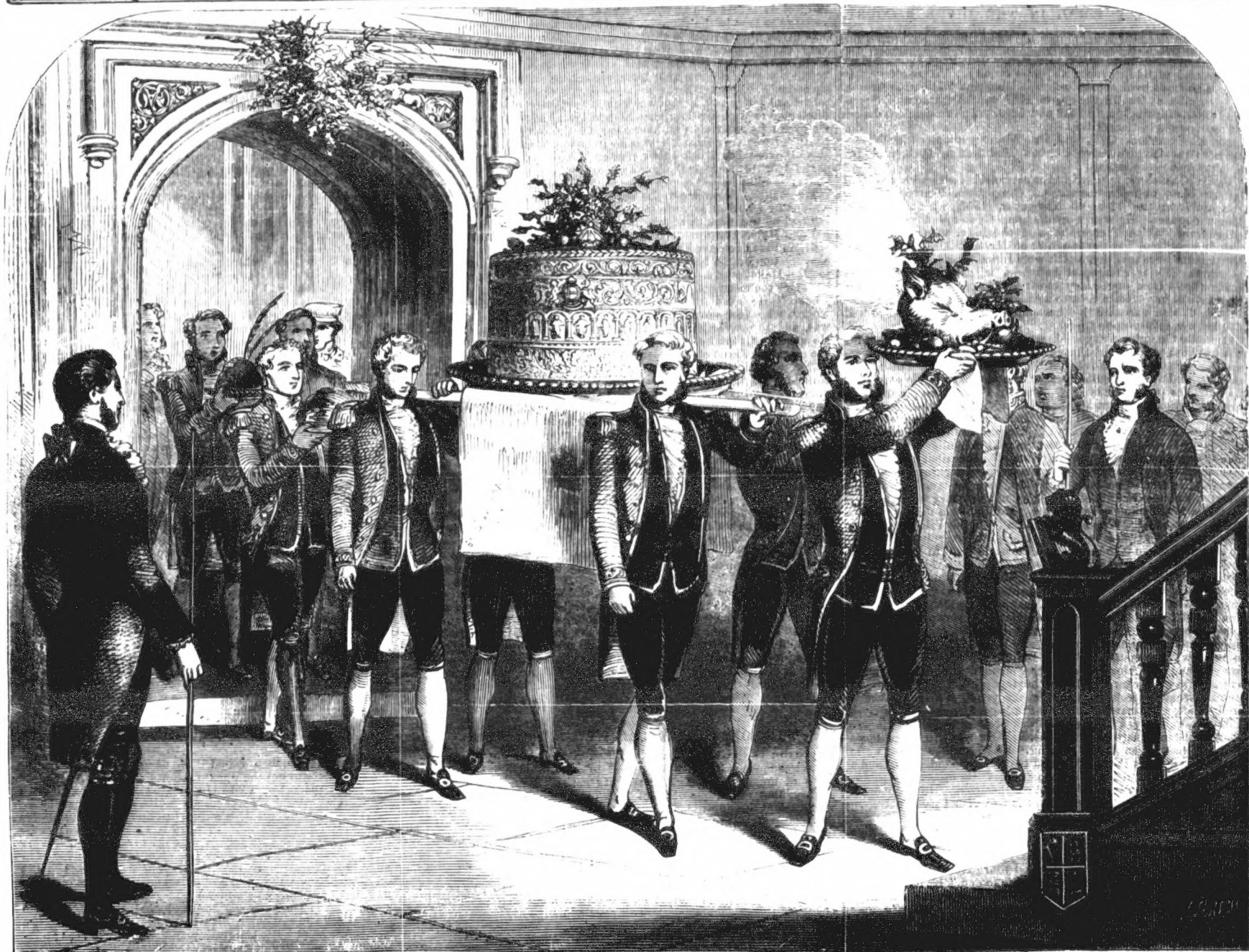
Other witnesses were called in support of the defendant's case.

The jury, however, ultimately returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages ten guineas.

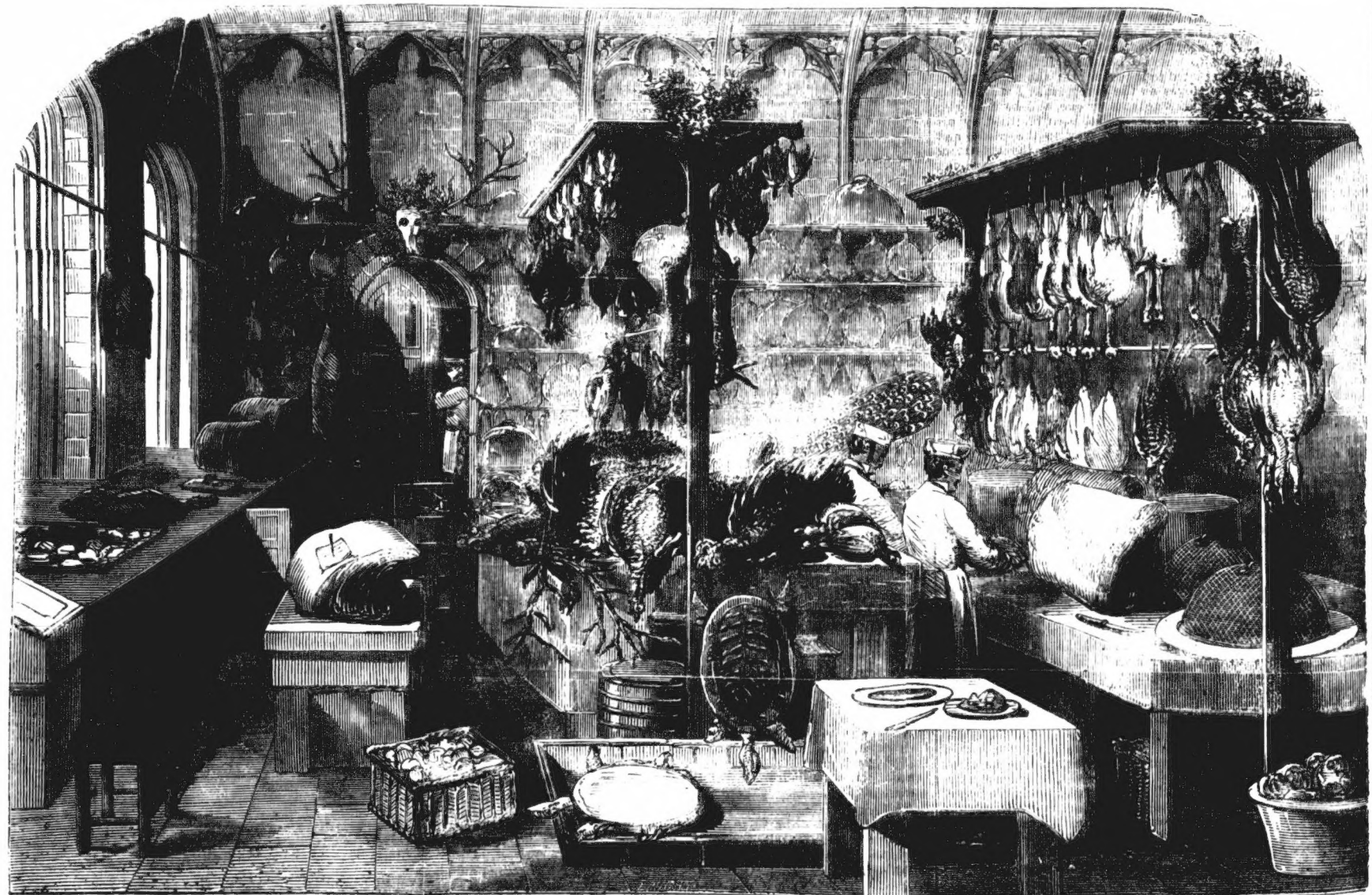
## PROCESSION OF THE BOAR'S HEAD AND CHRISTMAS PIE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Not the least interesting and important ceremony at Windsor Castle at Christmas time, is the carrying of the board's head and pie, as shown in our engraving on page 436. In "the days of old" this ancient custom was celebrated at every castle and baronial hall, and was looked upon as a great feature in connexion with Christmas festivities. Without the procession of the board's head the happy time would have been divested of its then great characteristic; in a similar manner Christmas would scarcely be Christmas with us now were we to lose our plum-pudding. The ceremony is still, however, preserved as of yore in many of the country mansions of the nobility, though it bears not the same import as formerly, inasmuch as the board's head of old was the trophy of the chase, perhaps, some days previous in the adjacent woods and forests. The wild boar having become exterminated, the interest attached to the event declined, as there were no reminiscence of the hunt of that particular boar to be called up. The custom is, however, still retained in much of its original integrity at Windsor Castle. Here the *hurs d'anglier*, as the great board's head is termed, bedecked with parsley, &c., and the traditional lemon in mouth, is carried in front of the pie in the strong arms of the servants. The pie is also a most important affair, and its production is a work of no small difficulty, not only as far as its ornamentation is concerned, but also as regards cooking such an immense mass of comestibles. A goodly procession is that in which these two chivalrous dishes are the chief objects, borne as they are on the shoulders of royal footmen in liveries, blazing in scarlet and gold lace.





PROCESSION OF THE BOAR'S HEAD AND CHRISTMAS PIE AT WINDSOR CASTLE. (See page 445.)



THE LARDER AT WINDSOR CASTLE. (See page 444.)







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 \*. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand  
 that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our  
 correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information  
 themselves.  
 TINK-SIDE.—We do not recollect seeing the poem of "Bow Bells" to which  
 you allude. Thanks for your favourable opinion.  
 ENQUIRER.—The new premises of Messrs. Wilcox and Gibbs, sewing  
 machine manufacturers, are now at 135, Regent-street. See our adver-  
 tising columns.  
 R. S.—A false registration of birth or death lays the party open to the same  
 punishment as if guilty of perjury.  
 M. T.—Furnishing the royal family does not qualify you to put up the  
 royal arms. A letter of appointment would be required, costing about  
 £10.  
 FRUGALITY.—Yes. We can recommend Alexander's prepared pea flour. It  
 is really a delicious article, and far exceeds any other ingredient used  
 for the same purpose. No housekeeper should be without it.  
 COACHMAN.—An employer is not bound to give a character to his servant,  
 neither is he bound to give a reason for his refusal.

#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

| ANNIVERSARIES. |    | H. W. L. R.                            |       |
|----------------|----|--|-------|
| D.             | D. | A. M.                                  | P. M. |
| 26             | S  | St. Stephen...                         | 2 46  |
| 27             | S  | First Sunday after Christmas...        | 3 22  |
| 28             | M  | Innocents...                           | 3 56  |
| 29             | T  | Thomas A'Beckett assassinated, 1170... | 4 30  |
| 30             | W  | Robert Boyle died, 1691...             | 5 3   |
| 31             | T  | Wycliffe died, 1387...                 | 5 39  |
| 1              | F  | New Year's Day...                      | 6 15  |

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. St. John; Eccles. 5; Rev. 1.  
 AFTERNOON. Eccles. 6; Rev. 22.

ROOK, THE CELEBRATED ROBBER.  
 Now ready, price 6d., post-free 7d., Part I of the Original Tale, entitled,  
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 LONDON FIFTY YEARS AGO.  
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NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS  
 Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming  
 publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early  
 in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly  
 News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

#### THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863.  
 REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

AMONG the heavy embarrassments which are crowding round the  
 Emperor of the French there is none so serious, none in its remote  
 consequences so threatening, as the state of his finances. France is  
 beyond all dispute the country in the world best calculated to sup-  
 port without difficulty a heavy burden of taxation. Those resources  
 which prodigies of industry and perseverance have furnished to  
 England a prodigal Nature has herself lavished on our more fortu-  
 nate neighbour. A fertile soil, a mild and genial climate, noble  
 rivers, and a coast washed by the waves of three seas, have been  
 placed in the hands of a people industrious, intelligent, thrifty, and  
 endowed with a taste which bestows upon their productions a  
 value superior to that of the raw material and of the labour employed  
 upon it. Yet, two years ago, this wealthy and industrious nation,  
 being then at peace with the world, if we except a small  
 war in Cochín China—a sort of trouble from which  
 England is scarcely ever exempt for a year together,—was  
 startled by the announcement of a deficit of about £40,000,000  
 sterling. The Emperor met the conjuncture in a manner  
 worthy of its importance. As far as matters of finance go, he  
 placed the revenue under the control of the Legislative Assembly.  
 As the *Revue des Deux Mondes* observes, abundance of light has  
 from that time been thrown on French finance. But, alas! what  
 does light alone avail? Gas is deservedly considered a most  
 powerful agency in the prevention of crime, but it is only on the  
 supposition that there is a police ready to act in repression of the  
 evils which the light discovers. Almost immediately after the  
 financial reform which was to prevent the possibility of any  
 future deficit of similar magnitude, the French Government under-  
 took the expedition to Mexico; obtained the honour, which never  
 seems denied to a European invader, of penetrating to the often-  
 taken capital of the Montezumas; and finds itself two years after  
 the grand era of repentance and reformation, called upon, after  
 having expended the revenue for the year, to provide for no less an  
 amount than 972,000,000.—that is upwards of £38,000,000  
 sterling. Finance is no secondary affair in government. Of  
 all the aspects in which a question can be looked at, the financial  
 aspect is usually the most important. There was a time, doubtless,  
 when a division of labour prevailed in these things—when the man  
 who devised the policy was not expected to find the money, nor the  
 man who found the money to give an opinion on the policy. But  
 the experience of mankind has long exploded this absurd and  
 ruinous practice. The two things are inseparable, and the neglect  
 of a due proportion between means and expenditure is as fatal in  
 public as in private affairs. The ancient regime of France, with all  
 its injustice and absurdity, might have existed to this day if Turgot  
 had continued Minister of Finance. A monarchy of 800 years fell,  
 like a grocer's shop, because it could get no more credit. Whatever  
 be the merits of absolute power, no one can say that it has been a  
 good husband of public resources. The monarch who wishes to  
 reign prosperously, and found a dynasty in the hearts of his people,  
 though he may trust his wisdom and moderation in all other  
 matters, should have no self-confidence in this respect. A parliament  
 really able to control expenditure exists quite as much for the  
 benefit of the prince as for the people. It saves the people  
 from oppression, but it preserves the Prince from his own extrava-  
 gance. It is quite evident that in this, as in so many other re-  
 spects, the Emperor of the French is trying to work at the same  
 time two lines of policy, the one of which is absolutely exclusive  
 of the other. He wishes to extend the commerce and manufactures  
 of France, in order to improve the condition of his subjects. But  
 he also wishes to exercise a commanding influence in the world,  
 and unfortunately is not content to trust to the recognised strength  
 of France, but must be perpetually pushing her forward into need-  
 less enterprises, and exhausting her by establishments quite super-  
 fluous to a country which nobody dreams of attacking. For this  
 second object he is continually sacrificing his first, for no one can  
 doubt that the uncertainty of the continuance of peace, the per-  
 petual expectation of some alarming novelty, the derangement of  
 finance, and the anxious attitude of all Europe, are the most effec-  
 tive means which can be taken to counteract the wise policy of  
 1860.

INVIDIOUS as the taste may be, there are few subjects upon which  
 we have to comment more frequently and more stringently than  
 the insufficiency and inequality of the penal sentences which pro-  
 ceed in the present day from the bench judicial as well as magis-  
 terial. While it is the well-known principle of English law to let  
 nine guilty men escape rather than allow one innocent individual  
 to suffer, it is at least equally important that when a jury have  
 fairly found a man guilty, there should be no undue stinting of  
 measure of his punishment. If the judge is to be, as he  
 ought to be, a terror to evil-doers, it is indispensable  
 that he should not bear the sword in vain. If the magistrate  
 is to be anything more than a Justice Shallow, his decisions  
 must be such as not to neutralise their own effect, or to apply the

temporary remedy of palliatives where there is a chance of effecting  
 a permanent cure by the employment of a more stringent treatment.  
 Of sentences wholly disproportioned to the offence committed, a  
 conspicuous instance has lately occurred in the Western Circuit.  
 Seven men have just been tried and convicted at the Taunton  
 Assizes of a brutal outrage upon a respectable young woman, re-  
 siding at the little village of Castle Cary, in Somersetshire. As  
 might be anticipated from the nature of the charge, the details are  
 of too revolting a character to be further dwelt upon. Suffice it to  
 say that, in the course of a ten hours' investigation, nothing seems  
 to have been elicited which in any way affected the character of  
 the prosecutrix, or in the least degree palliated the grossness and  
 cruelty of the treatment to which she had been subjected. The  
 jury found a verdict of "Guilty" immediately upon the  
 summing up of the judge, merely adding a recommenda-  
 tion to mercy in the case of two of the prisoners who  
 were proved to have taken a less flagrantly prominent  
 part in the affair than their ruffianly associates. The presiding  
 judge, Mr. Baron Pigott, then stated that he had taken precisely  
 the same view of the case, and that he did not see how the jury  
 could have done otherwise without discrediting the whole evidence.  
 Will it be believed that this avowal of his own conviction was sup-  
 plemented by a sentence of five years' penal servitude only upon  
 the four principal criminals, and of minor terms of imprisonment  
 upon their scarcely less guilty comrades? An offence for which  
 but a few short years ago these scoundrels would assuredly have  
 been brought to the gallows, is compounded for by a temporary se-  
 clusion from society more or less brief, at the end of which all will  
 be at liberty to return to the scene of their brutal outrage, and,  
 unless some wholesome fear of popular vengeance retains them, to  
 insult, by their presence, the innocent victim of their lust and bru-  
 tality.

#### The Court.

On Friday, Prince Alfred and Prince William of Hesse left Edin-  
 burgh by the night express train on Friday week for London.  
 Prince Alfred arrived at Portsmouth Dockyard at 6 40 p.m. on Satur-  
 day, and immediately embarked on board the royal screw yacht  
 Fairy and crossed over to Osborne, on a visit to her Majesty, to  
 spend the Christmas holidays. The Prince will return to Edin-  
 burgh at Christmas.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended divine service in the  
 Chapel Royal, St. George's, on Sunday afternoon. The Prince oc-  
 cupied his stall as Knight of the Garter, and the Princess sat in the  
 royal stall adjoining. The service was intoned by the Rev. Seymour  
 Neville and the Rev. Mr. Tapscott, minor canons. The "Magni-  
 ficat" and "Nunc Dimittis" were Rogers's, in G, and the anthem was  
 taken from the 43rd Psalm, 1st, 3rd, and 4th verses, Mendelssohn,  
 —"Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against the ungodly  
 nation." The chapel was crowded.

#### CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

THE first fall of snow and setting in of winter is rather looked  
 forward to as the signal for mirth. Out come the sleighs, the  
 bells jingling, and the horses' feet crunching the crisp snow.  
 Christmas is at hand, and the open-house Swedish hospitality mani-  
 fests itself everywhere. Away, under the deep blue sky, rattle the  
 sleighs and skaters for miles and miles, to visit distant friends, for  
 now is the time for long journeys with little fatigue to man or beast.  
 Up the glorious lakes, which stretch their arms from Stockholm,  
 (and, in fact, all over Sweden) go these merry trains of holiday-  
 makers, sweeping past rocky islands covered with black-look-  
 ing pines (such as will be seen in our illustration on page 437), bend-  
 ing under the weight of snow, and dashing over the vast expanse  
 of the frozen lake, whose echoing surface betrays with a drumming,  
 tremulous sound the progress of other sleighs crossing its remotest  
 parts. On they go, laughing, singing, and shouting; while above  
 all may be heard the click, click of the whips, and the jingle, jingle  
 jingle of the bells, borne from a distance through the clear, calm  
 atmosphere.

In the northern provinces the same merry-making is going on,  
 only on a rougher and more boisterous scale. In Dalecarlia, or  
 "Dalarne," as it is called in Swedish, the red-painted timber houses  
 are heated to a terrific degree, hung with branches of fir inside, and  
 the floors strewn with small twigs of the same trees, in token of  
 welcome to all comers. Our other illustration is that of a Dalecarlian  
 ball, and those who know what a Dalecarlian peasant's shoe is like will  
 only hope that no gentleman or lady of the party, having taken too  
 much "bravvin" (white brandy), may inadvertently tread on his or  
 her partner's toes.

A PHILANTHROPIST IN COURT.—At the Liverpool assizes, when  
 the counsel for the defence was addressing the jury in the case of  
 the police-sergeant charged with manslaughter at Leigh, a man  
 who had been standing near the solicitors' table suddenly ex-  
 claimed, "May I be permitted to speak? That man (the prisoner)  
 had been sufficiently persecuted, and it would be a piece of philan-  
 thropy on the part of the jury to acquit him of any crime." The  
 judge called the unknown individual forward, and asked him his  
 name. "Edward Hicks," was the reply. The Judge: Where do  
 you live? "42, Walnut-street, Mount Pleasant." The Judge:  
 What is your profession? "Philanthropy." His lordship put the  
 question once or twice, but nothing could be elicited from Mr.  
 Hicks except that he was a philanthropist. His lordship said that  
 he should be sorry to do anything harsh, but Mr. Hicks must leave  
 the court at once; and the excited "philanthropist" was politely  
 shown to the door.

THE CAREER OF AN ESCAPED CONVICT.—At the Woolwich  
 Police-court, Charles Foster, alias George Ball, was placed at the  
 bar before Mr. Maude on a remanded charge of making his escape  
 from the Dartmoor Convict Prison, where he was undergoing a  
 sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude for committing a highway  
 robbery with violence. Benjamin Sims, a convict warder at Dart-  
 moor, stated that the prisoner was sentenced to fifteen years' trans-  
 portation at the Lewes Assizes in December, 1858. He was con-  
 fined at the Dartmoor Prison in the same cell with two other con-  
 victs, named Joseph Hampshire and John Robinson; and on the  
 night of the 31st of March, 1860, the prisoner and his companions  
 made their escape, by removing the iron bars of the cell, and  
 climbing to the roof of buildings which communicated with the  
 outer wall of the prison. Robinson was subsequently apprehended,  
 but Hampshire is still at large. Police-constable Randall proved  
 apprehending the prisoner at the Royal Artillery Barracks, and on  
 telling him the charge the prisoner said, "As you seem to know  
 all about it, it is of no use to deny it." It appears that since his  
 escape from Dartmoor the prisoner sailed from Cardiff for America,  
 and enlisted in the Confederate army. He was taken prisoner by  
 the Federals, and through the interest of Lord Lyons was enabled  
 to return to England. He appears to be a man of some education,  
 and about three weeks since he delivered a lecture upon "Africa"  
 to the troops of the garrison. Mr. Maude committed the prisoner  
 for trial at the Old Bailey Sessions.



## General News.

Mr. E. Howes, M.P. for East Norfolk, has met with an accident this week while shooting on the estate of Mr. H. N. Burroughes, of Burlington, a stray shot having struck his eye, by which it is feared his sight will be affected.

The only native of Great Britain who holds an important position about the French Court is a Scotchman, named Campbell, who superintends the royal studs under General Fleury. Mr. Campbell lived with the Emperor of the French when the latter resided in England, and accompanied the Emperor in the Italian wars.

The *Predecessors of Palermo* publishes the following letter from Garibaldi:—"Capra, Nov. 24, 1863. My dear Basil,—I am in really excellent health, much beyond my hopes. With the exception of the scar, which is in a completely normal state, and a little stiffness, my right foot can quite compare with the left. I send you an affectionate greeting, and am yours always,—G. GARIBOLDI."

At a fashionable hotel in New York, the board of pet dogs, poodles, &c., has been fixed at one dollar (4s. 2d.) per day.

The *Insurance Record* observes that several offices in the City are accepting proposals for an insurance to a large amount on the life of the Empress of the French. The risk is being divided amongst French and English offices, and the total amount of the insurance is £200,000.

The sarcophagus of the late King of Denmark bears a silver plate, containing the following inscription:—"Frederick the Seventh, born 6th October, 1808, ascended the throne on the 20th of January, 1848. Married, first on the 1st November, 1828, to Princess Wilhelmina Marie of Denmark; second, on the 10th June, 1841, to Princess Caroline of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz; married by the left hand, on the 7th August, 1850, to Lady Christiana Louisa, Countess of Danner. He restored the popular liberties of Denmark, and boldly defended the independence of the realm. He was the last male of the line of King Frederick III, and, with the approbation of his people, elected as his successor the husband of his father's sister's daughter, the son of his grandfather's sister's daughter. He died on the 15th November, 1863, when the prince elect ascended the throne as Christian the Ninth. His motto was, 'The love of the people is the strength of my reign.'"

£380 has been subscribed for the widow Fielder, of Warrasah, in Hants, whose husband was drowned in Southampton Water about two months ago, through the boat having been run down by an Isle of Wight steamer. This money has been invested in such a manner that it will yield about 9s. a week for more than twenty years. The trustees of the fund are Lord Henry Cholmondeley, the Mayor of Southampton, and Mr. G. N. Cooke, of that town. Two of the children of the poor woman have also been provided for by benevolent individuals.

We (*Birmingham Post*) have much pleasure in stating that our townsmen may look forward to an early visit from Mr. Bright. Shortly after Christmas we may expect both Mr. Bright and Mr. Scholfield to visit Birmingham for the purpose of addressing their constituents before the opening of parliament.

At the time when the circumstances of India, in connection with the appointment of Sir John Lawrence to the post of Governor-General are exciting attention, the following list of eminent persons who have filled that important position since the battle of Plassey, with the dates of their appointments, may prove interesting:—Colonel Oliva, 1759; Mr. Holwell, 1760; Mr. Vansittart, 1761; Mr. Spencer, 1765; Lord Clive, 1765; Mr. Verelst, 1767; Mr. Cartier, 1769; Mr. Warren Hastings, 1772; Sir J. M. Pherson, 1785; Earl (Marquis) Cornwallis, 1786; Lord Teignmouth (Sir J. Shore), 1793; the Earl of Mornington (Marquis Wellesley), 1798; the Marquis Cornwallis, 1805; Sir G. Barlow, 1805; the Earl of Minto, 1807; Earl Moira (Marquis of Hastings), 1813; Earl Amherst, 1823; Lord W. Bentinck, 1828; Lord Auckland, 1835; Lord Ellenborough, 1842; Sir H. (Lord) Hardinge, 1844; Earl (Marquis of) Dalhousie, 1847; Lord Canning, 1855; Lord Elgin, 1862; Sir John Lawrence, 1863.

In two days' shooting in the preserves of Earl Dudley, at Witley-court, Worcestershire, last week, exactly 2,000 head of game were destroyed. The sportsmen were the Duc d'Angoulême, Earl Dudley, Earl Tankerville, Sir J. S. Pakington, M.P., Mr. E. Vernon, M.P., Mr. Dowdeswell, Mr. Cooke, and Mr. R. Hemming.

A VERY narrow escape from serious consequences occurred to the Duchess of Sutherland. It appears that her Grace was returning from the Rev. Dr. Cummings' Chapel at Stafford House, when, a few yards beyond Waterloo-place, a coal waggoner accidentally touched the horse in the duchess's brougham with his whip. The high-spirited animal immediately started off at ungovernable speed along Pall-mall, past the Palace into Cleveland-square, and bolted by the narrow carriage-way up Cleveland-row. The footman was there thrown off the box; and a few yards further on, opposite Sir James Matheson's house, where there is a turn, the horse fell, and threw the driver off the box. The horse, however, instantly regained his feet, and then bolted by the Earl of Ellesmere's house back to Pall-mall, and pursued its course as far as the War Department, where by the courage of some passers-by it was stopped. The door of the brougham and in the meantime come in contact with a lamp-post and was carried away by the collision. On the horse being secured, the duchess, who had remained quietly in the carriage, left the brougham, kindly inquired after the safety of her servants, and requested to be allowed to walk home to Stafford House. Her Grace was unhurt, but the coachman and footman are severely contused.

A CRIME similar to that committed by the notorious Palmer is the subject of judicial investigation in Paris. A physician insured the life of his wife for 500,000f. (£2,000), and shortly after the payment of the first premium the young woman died. The suddenness of the death and the large amount for which the life was insured created suspicion in the minds of the directors of the insurance company, and they determined to make the case known to the highest law authority. An investigation was commenced under the direction of the Imperial Attorney-General, in consequence of which the physician was arrested and committed to the prison of Mazas.

A SINGULAR case of death has just occurred at Oswestry. A man named Wilson, who was in the occasional habit of taking Epsom salts, purchased eight packets from a druggist's shop in the town early in the week. One of these he took dissolved in water, and was almost immediately seized with vomiting and pain. A surgeon was sent for a couple of hours after, but too late, for the man died in a few minutes after his arrival. The medical man examined the remaining powders, three of which he stated to the jury at the inquest to be saltpetre, and also stated that the man's death was caused by an irritant poison. The chemist's assistant who sold the powders, said that Epsom salts were always mixed at the shop by a boy who had been twelve months at the business, and it was elicited that the drawer containing saltpetre was next to that containing Epsom salts behind the counter. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidentally poisoned."

A CAPITAL CHRISTMAS WRITING-CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORTON, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationery and Printing-men.

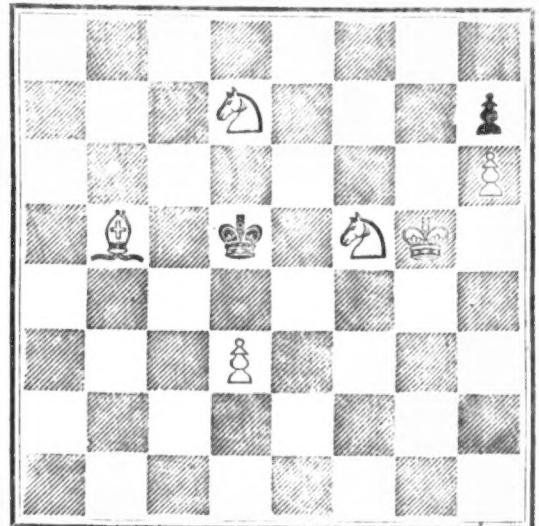
## ASSAULT ON A CLERGYMAN.

BEFORE the magistrates at Pickering, Yorkshire, a charge of assault was preferred by the Rev. C. Mackereth, vicar of Middleton, against Mr. T. Brewster the surveyor of highways for the parish. Mr. Allanson, of Thirsk, prosecuted; and Mr. Grayson, of York, conducted the defence. The Rev. Mr. Mackereth has resided in the parish as curate and vicar since 1825, and is now seventy years of age. The defendant is fifty-nine years of age. A short time since a meeting was held in the vestry of the church at Middleton. After the business was ended, the vicar, who presided, called the defendant's attention to the neglected state of a culvert, which caused a disagreeable odour. This vicar mentioned the circumstances of three children having died from fever, and reminded the defendant that he had been warned by the police, but that still the nuisance was not abated. The vicar said means must be taken to make the defendant remove the cause. The defendant thereupon got in a passion, and rushed up to the chairman, flourishing a stick, and exclaiming, "Thou'll make me do it? I've more £5 notes than thou, and I've more coats than thou." He got his face close to the vicar's, who said if he did not sit down he must be turned out. The defendant then became more violent than ever, and the vicar was obliged to push him off. The defendant called upon the meeting to witness that the vicar had begun "the fray" first. He then rushed upon the vicar, striking him with his fist and stick. The vicar warded off the blows as well as he could; but he had been struck on the eye, cheek, and lip, and blood ran from his face. The persons present got the defendant out. He however returned through the church, and got hold of the vicar, again, and further maltreated him. The vicar's eyes were swelled and black for a week. In cross-examination, the vicar admitted that he helped to push the defendant out of the vestry, and that he fell into the church and hit his head against a pew. One of the persons assisting to turn him out fell upon him. The vicar had entered an action in the county court, but it was now withdrawn. Several witnesses corroborated the above statements, and Dr. Scholfield deposed to the serious nature of the vicar's wounds. Other witnesses, on behalf of the defendant, asserted that the vicar gave the first offence, and called the defendant "a puppy." One witness was of opinion "there was six of one and half a dozen of the other." The defendant's solicitor contended that the bench could not give a verdict for the vicar, and believed that the wounds of the prosecutor had been received in putting the defendant out of the vestry. He was of opinion that when proceedings had been commenced in another court, the prosecutor could not legally commence a second suit. He did not mean to charge a lie upon the vicar, but he submitted that in the great confusion he might not clearly remember what actually took place, and it was proved the vicar was the first aggressor. The court was cleared, and on the public being readmitted the bench said they were of opinion the case was proved, and fined defendant 6s. and all costs.

PRIZE-FIGHTING AND TRAINING.—As much misapprehension exists in the public mind respecting the condition of Heenan before and after his late contest with King, the following authentic particulars may not be without interest:—Four or five hours after the termination of the fight on the 10th inst. he arrived at a friend's house in London. Mr. J. F. Clarke saw him immediately. He was then suffering from great exhaustion. His face was considerably disfigured, and there was a cut on the right side of the upper lip about half an inch in length, which required a stitch. There were no bruises of any consequence about the body, but the upper few scratches on the chest. The action of the heart was very feeble, and the pulse scarcely perceptible. Suitable medicines were resorted to, under the influence of which he gradually improved until the 13th. On the evening of that day he had a fainting fit. On the 14th Dr. Tanner saw him in consultation with Mr. Clarke. He was then weak, his nights had been restless and there was considerable uneasiness on taking a deep inspiration. On examining him, all marks about the face had nearly disappeared, while the bruises upon the face were evidently quickly fading. The cut in his upper lip had healed. The right nasal bone was loosened from its articulations; but there was no fracture. On carefully practising auscultation, the heart's action was found to be feeble, though there was no bruise the valves acting efficiently. The pulse was weak, very compressible, and rather above 100. The left lung was healthy; but over the apex of the right there was dulness, with evident signs of congestion. On either side at the back of the neck there was considerable stiffness, which was ascertained to exist chiefly in the tendinous attachments of the trapezius muscle to the occipital bone, ligamentum nuchae, dorsal vertebrae and spine of the scapula. The immense development of the muscles about the shoulders and chest was very remarkable. They stood out prominently, and as little encumbered with fat as if they had been cleaned by the scalpel. In firmness they resembled cartilage. The same conditions were also apparent in the recti muscles of the abdominal wall, the tendinous intersections (linea transversa) of which were strongly marked. But with all this splendid development it was evident that Heenan had received a shock from which his system was only slowly recovering; though whether this loss of power was due to the punishment received in the fight or to the hard training which he had previously undergone, may be a disputed point. As physiologists, it seems to us highly probable that his training had been too prolonged and too severe. When Heenan went into training on Wednesday, the 23rd of September—just eleven weeks before the match—his weight was 156 lb. As he stepped into the ring on the 10th inst. he was exactly 14st. At the same time King weighed 13st, though he was three-quarters of an inch taller than Heenan, whose height is 6ft. 1½in. Those who know what severe training means will, perhaps, agree with us that Heenan was probably in better condition five weeks before meeting his antagonist than on the morning of his defeat, although when he stripped for fighting the lookers-on all agreed that he seemed to promise himself an easy victory, while exulting in his fine proportions and splendid muscular development. It is now clearly proved that Heenan went into the contest with much more muscular than vital power. Long before he had met with any severe punishment—indeed, as he states, at the close of the third round—he felt faint, breathed with much difficulty, and, as he described it, his respiration was "roaring." He declares that he received more severe treatment at the hands of Sayers than he did from King; yet at the termination of the former fight, which lasted upwards of two hours, he was so fresh as to leap over two or three hurdles, and distance many of his friends in the race. It was noticed on the present occasion that his physique had deteriorated, and that he looked much older than at his last appearance in the ring. Without offering any opinion as to the merits of the combatants, it is certain that Heenan was in a state of very deteriorated health when he faced his opponent, and it is fair to conclude that deterioration was due in a great measure to the severity of the training which he had undergone. As with the mind, so with the body, undue and prolonged exertion must end in depression of power. In the process of the physical education of the young, in the training of our recruits, or in the supports of the athlete, the case of Heenan suggests a striking commentary of great interest in a physiological point of view. While exercise, properly so called, tends to development and health, excessive exertion produces debility and decay. In these times of over-excitement and over-competition in the race of life, the case we now put on record may be studied with advantage.—*The Lancet*.

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 140.—By Mr. R. Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

Game between Messrs. Lowe and Wormald.

White.

Mr. L.

1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. Q Kt to B 3 (a)
5. Castles
6. P to Q 3
7. P takes B
8. P takes P
9. Q to K square
10. B to Q 2
11. Q to K 4
12. Q to K R 4
13. Kt to Q 4
14. B to Q Kt 3
15. P to K B 4 (c)
16. Q to K Kt 5
17. Q takes Kt
18. Q to K Kt 3
19. Q to K B 2 (f)
20. Q to K B 3
21. Q takes Kt
22. P to K B 5
23. R takes B
24. K to R square
25. R to Q R 4
26. Q R to K B 4 (g)

Black.

Mr. W.

1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. K Kt to B 3
4. B to Q Kt 5 (b)
5. Castles
6. B takes Kt
7. P to Q 4
8. Kt takes P
9. R to K square
10. P to K R 3
11. Kt to K B 3
12. P to K 5 (e)
13. Kt to K 4 (d)
14. P to Q B 4
15. Kt to K Kt 3
16. P takes Kt
17. B to K 3
18. Kt to K R 4
19. P to K 6
20. P takes B
21. P takes P
22. B takes B
23. Q to Q 5 (ch)
24. K to K 4
25. Q to K B 7
26. Q takes Q R

White resigns.

(a) 4. Kt to K Kt 5, or 4. P to Q 4, is usually adopted at this point; but the move in the text may be played without any disadvantage.

(b) Black's best reply, we believe.

(c) A very embarrassing move to parry.

(d) Much better than taking Knight with Knight, as in that case White would in all probability have escaped from all further attack, at the cost of a Pawn.

(e) From this point the game becomes very lively and amusing.

(f) He appears to have no better move at command.

(g) A fatal error; but nothing could have retrieved the game, as a very little examination will suffice to show.

J. T. B.—The solution of Problem No. 128, which was accidentally omitted, is:—

White.

Mr. L.

1. Kt to Q 6
2. K to Q R 7
3. Kt to Q Kt 7
4. Kt mates

Black.

1. K to Q square
2. P to K 3
3. K to K square

J. P. (Yoxford)—Your Problems shall have early attention. The diagrams have been sent as requested.

INQUIRENDO.—You can claim a piece for every Pawn which you may have advanced to its eighth square, and thus may have two Queens, two Rooks, &c., on the board at the same time.

I. W.—There is, we believe, a Chess Club held at the Beaumont Institution, Mile End Road. The distance is not more than half a mile from your residence.

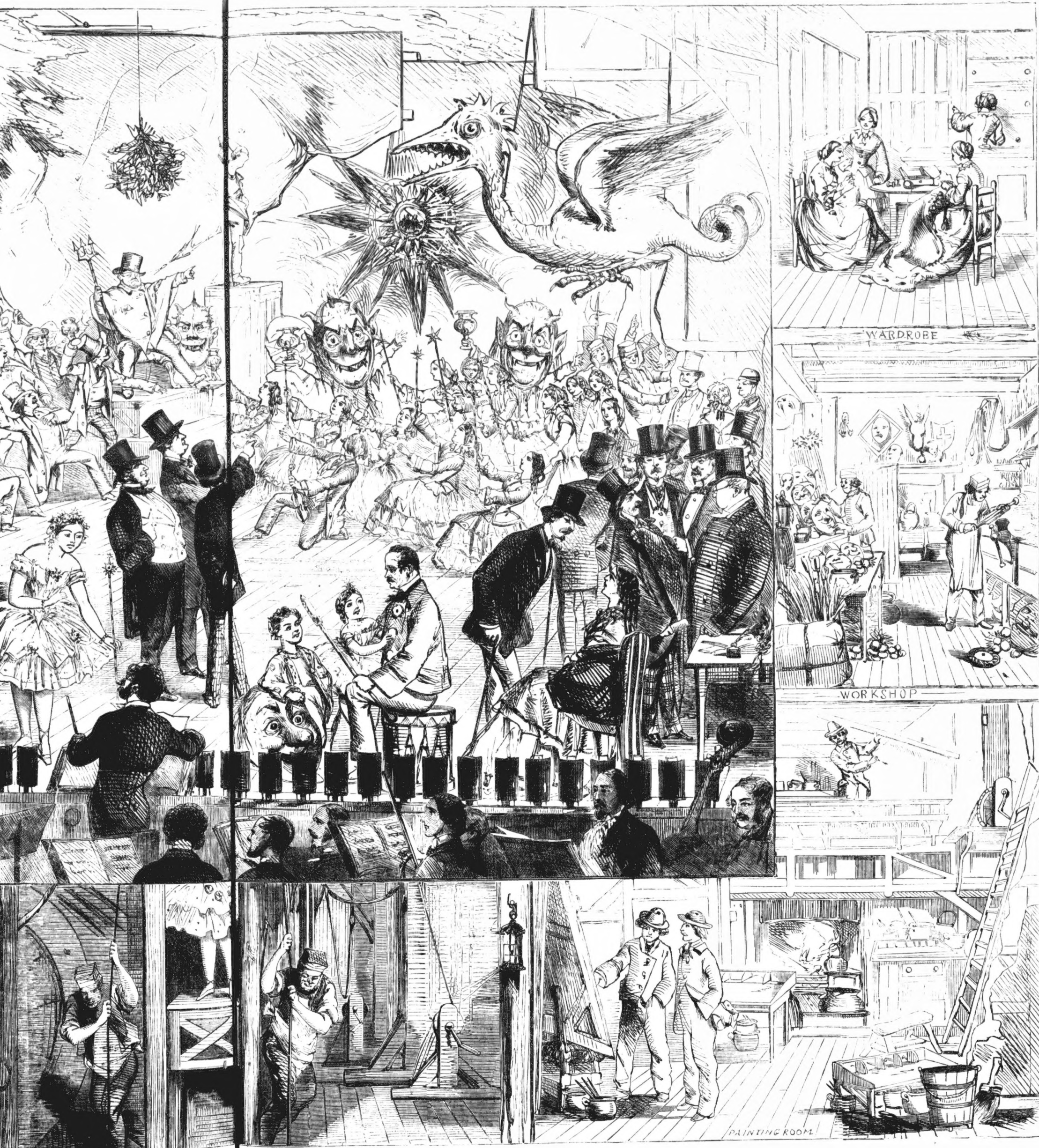
ROMANTIC STORY OF A WORKHOUSE CHILD.—A case of a somewhat romantic character has just come before the board of guardians of the Altrincham Union. It appears from the statement of Mr. Lane, the master of the workhouse at Knutsford, that a gentleman had called at the workhouse a few days before to inquire if a lady could adopt a female child. He was told that nothing could be done without the sanction of the board; but on being shown the children, and hearing the name of one little girl between four and five years of age, he at once said that the lady would take this child. The lady was called before the board. She was young, and apparently highly respectable. She said she was the mother of the child, and produced a certificate of the baptism of the child, in the name by which it was known in the workhouse. It appeared that the child had been left by a gentleman at Lynn with a person who undertook to nurse it. That person having ceased to receive money for it, took it to the workhouse at Knutsford, where it had been a for upwards of four years. The nurse afterwards died, and the lady now claiming the child said that having been travelling a great deal she had not until recently been able to discover where the girl was; and she had been very anxious to have possession of her. The lady having withdrawn, the board agreed to give up the child on condition that the lady paid a sum of £20 towards the expenses of her maintenance. The lady expressed the amount at once, and accordingly in a very short time the girl was at home in her new home, by a much more comfortable and happy life than she had ever known before.





REHEARSING THE COMAS PANTOMIME. (See page 442.)





REHEARSING THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME. (See page 442.)



## Theatricals, Music, etc

### THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

ONE of the largest and most graphic illustrations of the rehearsal of a Christmas pantomime, are offered to the public at the nominal price of the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS, for this week present to our subscribers, occupying, as it does, pages 440 and 441 of our current number. To attempt the description of every phase of the important work of getting up a pantomime would occupy far more space than we can afford. Yet, if our readers will turn to the illustration itself, and its varied scenes, they will gather at a glance the immense amount of business and outlay necessary in their production. For months before the all-absorbing Boxing-night, the busy preparations there depicted have been going on; and now, as the time draws nearer to the opening, we see hundreds that will be engaged on the occasion rehearsing their parts in every conceivable dress—the extreme of fashion to the fustian and paper caps: ladies in walking-dresses, and others in their fairy robes—all mingle together in apparently inextricable confusion; and yet in front of the curtain on this night of nights for holiday seekers all is invariably beautiful and in order. Our illustration will be more fully realized to our readers on reading the numerous plots and titles of the pantomimes of the various metropolitan theatres, which we here append.

**COVENT-GARDEN.**—"St. George and the Dragon; or, the Seven Champions and the Beautiful Princess," is the title of the gorgeous pantomime to be produced here written by Mr. Byron. It opens with the release of the Seven Champions from the spells of the Echantress, and we then follow St. George, (Mr. W. H. Payne) and his servant Kicaraboo (Mr. F. Payne) to Egypt, where the King Ritollolomey (Mr. Thomas) is endeavouring to make up a match between the Prince of Ethiopia and the Princess Sabra (Miss Collinsen). However, the Dragon carries her off, and St. George is the only one who has courage to follow her rescue. The Dragon being killed, the Princess rescued, St. George is rewarded by the hand of Beauty. The transformation scene of the Hall of Chivalry is one of the most magnificent, tasteful, and elaborate that Mr. Grieve has ever executed (in which will be assembled knights in real armour, esquires, and pages, armed 'cap-a-pied,' in all the glorious panoply of feudal war), and bids fair to become the talk of the metropolis.

**DRURY-LANE.**—"Sinbad the Sailor; or, the Great Roe of the Diamond Valley, and the Seven Wonders of the World." This famous story from "The Arabian Nights" has been selected by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, with the valuable aid of Mr. William Beverly. The Great Pyramid of Egypt opens the pantomime, showing Cheops (Mr. Neville) and his attendant Mummies in trepidation at the approach of Young England (Miss Rose Leclercq). The Spirit of the Nile (Miss Cicely Nott) applies to the ancient founder of the Pyramids to devise means to arrest his progress. The Seven Wonders of the World are summoned, and the Spirit of the Past appears; but they fail to divert Young England from his purpose, and the conundrums of the Sphinx are answered by him with such defiant readiness that neither the propounder of enigmas nor the vocal Memnon can stay his onward march. He explores the mysteries of the Mountains of the Moon, and drinks from the very source of the Nile, which places him in possession of a power over all the geni of the East. The Seaport of Bassorah, on the Persian Gulf, next shows Sinbad starting on his voyage of discovery. Sinbad (Miss Lizette Willmore), in company with Ali Ben Rumbiz (Mr. Tom Matthews), a Turkish merchant, embarks and arrives in due course at the court of the Indian King (Mr. Fitzjames), where he is fascinated by the Princess Ivora (Miss Coventry). He seeks in the Valley of Diamonds a present worthy her acceptance, and here he meets with a stupendous bird called the Roe, which takes him to the Island of Pigmies, where he gets into still greater danger. The encounter with the Old Man of the Sea (Master Percy Roselle) follows, and he is captured by the Pigmies and conveyed to their basaltic city. At the moment when the dwarfs seek to dispose of their victim the Fairy of the Diamond is appealed to, and Mr. William Beverly's great Transformation Scene follows. The Harlequinade includes Mr. Harry Boleno and Mr. C. Lauri, as Clowns; Mr. J. Morris and Mr. Barnes, as Pantalons; Mr. Cormack and Mr. Saville, as Harlequins; and Madame Boleno and the Misses Gunniss, as Columbine, so that a strong double pantomime company is formed.

**THE HAYMARKET.**—"King Arthur; or, the Days and Knights of the Round Table." Mr. William Brough supplies the Christmas novelty to this establishment, which is cleverly and wittily constructed, and will introduce several magnificent scenes, including the ruins of Stonehenge.

**PRINCESS'S.**—"Harlequin, and Little Tommy Tucker; or, The Fine Lady of Banbury Cross, and the Little Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do," is the title of the pantomime, which has been prepared by the Brothers Grimm. Tom Tucker (Miss Helen Howard) is shown to be the son of the old Dame with the troublesomely numerous family, to whose support he largely contributes by his talents. The well-known Taffy, who, we know "was a Welshman," is here shown to be an ogre, who steals the marrow-bone from the old lady with as much coolness as he has already stolen the perverse Princess Mary, daughter of Old King Cole (Mr. Charles Seyton). Attended by Chanticleer, Tom proceeds to the ogre's abode, and obtains an interview with the fair prisoner, who is, however, turned by Taffy into stone, and thus becomes the Fine Lady of Banbury Cross. It is found that music only can break the spell, and Old King Cole and his "Sons of Harmony" try to reanimate her much after the fashion indicated in the popular song, but Tom Tucker, a skillful violinist, is the successful performer, and he obtains the Princess accordingly for his reward. Then follows Mr. Lloyd's gorgeous transformation scene, which will convert the stage of the theatre into a lake of real water, and develop some extraordinary effects. The Harlequinade will be supported by Mr. Arthur Leclercq as Harlequin, Mr. Charles Leclercq, Mr. Hulme and Master Hume as two Clowns and a half, Mr. Naylor as Pantaloon, and Miss Caroline Adams as Columbine. The pantomime will be produced under the experienced supervision of Mr. F. L. Greenwood, and the lessee, Mr. George Vining. Mr. Lloyd is the scenic artist, and Mr. Charles Hall the composer of the music.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—"Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Three, being a Review of the Sensations of the Past Season, with a Shameful Revelation of Lady Somebody's Secret." This is another burlesque by Mr. Byron. Mr. Toole, who plays Arthur Sketchley's Mrs. Brown at the commencement, assumes a variety of disguises, concluding with a burlesque impersonation of Lady Audley. Mr. P. Bedford is longitudinally fitted with the congenial character of Taliboy. Miss Cottrell plays Fancy; and Miss Fanny Josephs the Author and Robert Audley. This highly original piece of nonsense concludes with a grand allegorical transformation scene, by Danson and Zous.

**ADELPHI.**—"Lady Belle Belle; or, Fortunio and His Seven Magic Men," a burlesque fairy drama, written by Mr. H. J. Byron. It is a new version of Countess D'Anois's charming story, condensed into one act, but affording effective characters to several popular favourites. Miss Woolgar plays Fortunio, the hero; and Mr. J. Clarke the disagreeable Dowager Queen. Miss Kate Kelly is the King; Miss Fatti Josephs the waiting-maid, Florida; Miss Louise

Laidlaw, the Princess Volante; Mr. Phillips, Matapa; and Mr. Romer, the Dragon. All the incidents of the wondrous feats performed by the seven men-servants, the race, &c., are introduced.

**OLYMPIC.**—"Sense and Sensation; or, the Seven Sisters of Thule." It opens with a prologue in two scenes. In the first, Sense, who has abdicated the Throne of the World, is represented as living in retirement in Ultima Thule with his seven daughters, Faith, Hope, Charity, Courage, Temperance, Justice, and Prudence. Courage, more adventurous than her sisters, has been struck with the mischiefs which have followed the usurpation by Sensation of the throne left vacant by Sense. She urges Sense and her sister Virtue to resume their authority and labours amongst men. In vain Sense warns them of the risks and trials which await them in the world. They persevere and start for Earth, Sense determining to watch over them in disguise. In the second scene we are introduced to the usurper Sensation, who, hearing of the return of Sense and the Virtues to the world, despatches his seven sons, Pride, Envy, Anger, Sloth, Gluttony, Avarice, and Luxury to baffle them. In the scenes which follow the antagonism of Sense and Sensation, with the adventures of the Virtues, and their temptations and trials at the hands of the Vices, are exhibited in a continuous action at a Court Milliner's, the Theatre (where a sensation drama is rehearsed), the Stock Exchange, and, finally, an Invalid Establishment, in which all the medical quackeries and panaceas of the day are passed in review. In these scenes the Virtues and Vices, with Sense and Sensation, assume different appropriate characters and costumes. In the end Sense unmasks Sensation and his offspring, and reads the moral of the piece—that the world is a place, not for the triumph, but the trial of the Virtues. The Virtues, by Hope's advice, determine to retire to Utopia, the scene changing on this resolution to a brilliant allegorical tableau, representing the Temple of the Virtues in the realms of Utopia.

**THE LYCEUM.**—"Bel Demonio" being still triumphant, Mr. Fechter will not produce any further novelty, except a new farce, entitled "The Lost Child."

**STRAND.**—"Orpheus and Eurydice; or, the Young Gentleman who Charmed the Rocks," is the subject of Mr. Byron's Christmas Extravaganza. The piece opens with the "Abode of Orpheus," and Orpheus (Miss Marie Wilton) returns to Eurydice (Miss Ada Swanborough) after an unsuccessful attempt to get his plays accepted and his novels published. Eurydice is persecuted by Ariston (Mr. D. James), a rollicking young sportsman, who, under pretence of introducing Orpheus to a publisher, worms himself into his good graces, and lends him some money to go and purchase some wine. In Orpheus's absence Ariston attempts to carry off Eurydice, who, in running away from him, receives a fatal bite in the heel from a serpent. She goes to the Styx, followed by Ariston, in a most dejected condition. Orpheus returns, and learns from Clotilda (Mr. A. Wood) the fate of his wife, and determines to follow. Apollo arriving presents him with a celestial lyre, which is only to be used in cases of emergency, and which possesses the power of compelling all present to obey the wish of its possessor. Armed with this Orpheus seeks Charon (Mr. C. Fenton) and crosses the Styx. Pluto and Proserpine happen to be giving a little evening party on the evening of Eurydice's arrival, and Pluto falls desperately in love with the new comer, much to the indignation of Proserpine who is aroused to a sense of her slighted position by the Fates and the Furies. On the arrival of Orpheus, however, Proserpine falls in love with the handsome young visitor, and on the discovery of the double attachment an embroglio results. As the occasion appears to warrant the employment of the lyre's magic power, Orpheus plays it, at the same time expressing a desire that the opposition party shall dance, despite their will. This has the desired effect, and Orpheus is about to escape, when the pleadings of his wife restrain him. Pluto at last, urged by the jealous Proserpine, determines to allow Orpheus to depart, promising him his wife shall join him if he can quit Hades without looking back. This appears easy enough to accomplish, but Orpheus finds it a difficult task, and he turns, and is consequently retained as a prisoner. He again employs his lyre, which not only softens the hearts of his enemy, but mollifies the rocks, which split asunder, and disclose the brilliant Transformation Scene, which brings the extravaganza to a climax. The scenery is by Mr. Fenton.

**ASTLEY'S.**—"Harlequin and Old Friar Bacon; or, Great Grim John of Gaunt and the Enchanted Lance of Robin Goodfellow," is the title of the Pantomime with which Mr. E. T. Smith will inaugurate his first campaign. The Moonlight Encampment of the Fairies is the first scene, and on the arrival of Oberon (Miss Emily Nesbitt) the Elves and Fairies go through some graceful evolutions, the ballet being performed by about a hundred coryphees Robin Goodfellow (Miss Eliza Arden) explains the position in which Old Pantomime is placed, and Oberon invokes Imagination (Miss Weber) to come to his aid. "The Canterbury Tales" are presented, and we next have a capitally-arranged set scene, representing the ancient hostelry of the old Tabard, in the Borough, with the departure of the Pilgrims, according to the famous picture by Corbould. Chaucer (Miss Craven) is introduced, making love to the pretty Barmad, Rose (Miss Morelli), finding a formidable rival in Grim John of Gaunt (Mr. Lingham), who, with his retainers, is seen returning from the wars. The old Bridle Way and Wishing Gate, on the road to Canterbury, shows the pilgrims pursuing their journey, and here Chaucer receives from Robin Goodfellow the enchanted lance which is to enable him to overthrow all antagonists. John of Gaunt applies to Friar Bacon for a love philter, to secure the affections of Rose, and then prepares a Grand Tournament at his Castle. For the procession and complete illustration of this chivalric entertainment a stud of highly trained horses and about three hundred auxiliaries will be employed, and after the poet Chaucer has been proclaimed the victor, the refusal of John of Gaunt to bestow the prize acquired leads to the intervention of the Fairies and the development of the great Transformation Scene, by Mr. Gates. The Harlequinade is supported by Mr. Edwin Edwards, as Clown; Mr. W. Driver, as Harlequin; Mr. Stilt, as Pantaloon; and Miss Newham, as Columbine.

**SURREY.**—"Harlequin Old King Cole; or, Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross, and the Frog that would a Wooing go," is the grand pantomime here, and is reported to be one of a more than ordinary novel and amusing description. It will be produced by Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Charles Brew supplies the Transformation Scene. The opening, invented and written by Mr. M. Dutton. The characters in the harlequinade will be filled by Mr. Frederick Evans, as Harlequin, Clown by the great Little Rowells, the Clown of Clowns, Pantaloon by Mr. Wilson Parker, and Columbine by Miss Annie Cook.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—"The Prince of the Peaceful Islands; or, Harlequin, the Magic Pearl, the Centaur, and the Fairy Amazon." The burlesque opening is written by Mr. F. G. Cheetham. The scene is laid in the "Kingdom of the Peaceful Islands," ruled over by King Covetous (Mr. W. D. Gresham), who is possessed of two sons, Prince Humpty, a hunchback (Mr. George Fisher), and Prince Exquisite, a youth of tender years (Miss Minnie Davis). The King, wishing Humpty to sign away his succession in favour of his brother, the hunchback, as he supposes, Exquisite secretly made away with, but instead of being killed, he is left in a wood. Here he is found by an eagle (Mr. A. Baildon), and conveyed to its nest, but is rescued by some shepherds, who appropriate him as a sacrifice to a Centaur (Mr. T. B. Bennett), to whom they are bound every year to furnish a child. He is saved by means of the Fairy Queen (Miss Mandlebert), who overcomes the Centaur, and delivers Prince Exquisite into the hands of Agricola (Mr. A. Denial), to rear, and who is no other than King

Sublime, the late monarch of the Peaceful Islands, and who has been deposed by King Covetous, and forced to seek safety in flight, afterwards adopting the life of a shepherd. In the meantime his youngest daughter, the Princess Peerless (Miss Eliza Hamilton), who fell into a lake when a child, and was transformed into an oyster pearl by the Fairy Queen, is restored to life through the instrumentality of Prince Humpty, who falls in love with her; but his suit being rejected, she is doomed to confinement for life, but is again set free by means of the Fairy Queen, and, disguised as a shepherdess, seeks out the hut of Agricola, her father, where she arrives, and falls in love with Prince Exquisite. But Agricola, not thinking him a fit match for his daughter, has him carried while asleep into a dense wood, where he is found by the Princess, through the aid of the Fairy Queen, who presents her with a ball of magic twine, which, by fastening to his dress, leads her to his hiding-place. Here a variety of adventures befall them, until matters are made, as usual, all right, and which results in the Transformation Scene by Mr. Charles S. James. The music, selected, arranged, and composed by Mr. B. Isaacson. For the opening (in addition to the company) have been engaged Miss Minnie Davis (Prince Exquisite), and Miss Eliza Hamilton (Princess Peerless). The Harlequinade has for Clown, Mr. Buck; Mr. G. Beckett, Harlequin; Mr. W. Lacy, Pantaloon; Columbine, Miss A. Atterwell; and the Elitonian family (four in number) as Sprites.

**NEW ROYALTY.**—In consequence of the great success of "Ixion; or, The Man at the Wheel," that piece will still keep its present position in the programme, but a comic drama, in one act five scenes, and six tableaux, from the pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand, entitled, "Madame Berliot's Ball; or, The Chalet in the Valley," will be produced.

**BRITANNIA.**—"Hickory Dickory Dock, the Mouse that ran up the Clock," is the title here. The opening has been written by Mr. C. H. Hazlewood; the scenery, painted by Messrs. H. Muir, T. Rogers, and J. Thorne, is unusually beautiful, especially the Fairy Landscape and the Transformation Scene. The burden of the opening rests chiefly on the shoulders of that especial favourite, Mrs. S. Lane, who will be supported by several of the best actors in the company. It may fairly be hoped that the proprietor, Mr. S. Lane, will meet with a profitable remuneration for the profuse expenditure he has lavished, on this splendid Christmas spectacle. Mr. C. Frith is the Harlequin, Middle Celeste Stephan, the Columbine, Mr. W. Newham, Pantaloon; Mr. Jean Louis, Clown; and the Brothers Ridgway, Sprites.

**STANDARD.**—"The Prince and the Lion King; or Harlequin, the invisible Cap, and the Fairy Queen that was changed into a Frog." The aim of the author, Mr. W. E. Suter, is to make the opening truly burlesque, abounding with paradox. The scenery of the opening is magnificent, and the Transformation Scene is painted by Mr. John Crawford, of the Theatres Royal, Dublin, Glasgow, &c. The pantomimists comprise:—Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Roby; Columbine, Miss Louisa Elliott; Pantaloon, Mr. H. G. Boleno; Sprites (four in number), the Elliott Family; and Clown, Gardiner Boleno. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. John Mordaunt. The comic scenes under the superintendence of Mr. Gardiner Boleno.

**CITY OF LONDON.**—"Harlequin Black Beard; or, Dame Trot and Her Comical Cat," is the City pantomime, which, as usual, has been written by Mr. Nelson Lee, making his two hundred and fiftieth. A Ruined Abbey, by Moonlight, is the first scene. The next is the Cottage by the Sea, followed by the Fairies' Haunt in a Woody Dell, where a most novel effect is introduced, sunset, moonlight, and sunrise being shown by a novel electric light called the Iris Light. Two other scenes, the Mill on the Floss, and Black Beards' Castle, bring us to the Prismatic Home of Sunlight, by Mr. Beaumont; the mechanical arrangements by Mr. J. Burckett. The comic scenes follow:—Road to a Country Market, the Grand Tournament, High Street, Wapping; Mr. Lirriper's Lodgings, in which the Ghost Effects will be seen, duly registered. The pantomimists at the City are Harlequin and Columbine, Mr. and Mrs. Lupino; Clown, Mr. Matthews; Pantaloon, Mr. Morelli; Sprites, the Brothers French and Matthews' children.

**VICTORIA.**—"Giselle; or, the Phantom Night Dancers," is a pantomime from the German story of the same title, and is adapted to its present form by Messrs. Osmond and F. Fenton, and allows the latter gentleman great scope for the display of his well-known scenic effects, and having such a co-operator as Mr. Frampton in the ballet arrangements, groupings, comic business, &c., we can safely predict that it will rank with any theatre in London. The magnificent Transformation Scene displays wondrous effects. Here we are met by our old Christmas friends. Clown, Mr. R. H. Kitchan; Harlequin, Mr. Alfred Lauraine; Pantaloon, Mr. R. Marchant; Sprites, the Brothers Vitorelli; Columbine, Miss Julia D'Alberti; Harlequins, Miss Elise Holt.

**THE MARYLEBONE.**—"Jolly King Christmas" is the pantomime at this theatre, written by Mr. F. Marchant. The harlequinade is supported by Laurence and Cooper, and the Vokes Family, five in number.

**PAVILION.**—"Dick Whittington and his wonderful Cat; or Harlequin Humpty Dumpty, and the House of Content in the Realm of Happiness," written by Mr. F. Marchant. The first scene is the interior of Guildhall, by midnight. The illuminated window becomes an elegant fairy temple. The next scene is the large drapery establishment of Master Fitzwarren in the Chepe. "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," is heard. Dick and the Cat fall asleep, and are taken by the Fairy Queen Content to the realms of happiness. Dick's dress is transformed, and he is despatched to win his love, attended by his Cat. A ballet divertissement concludes the scene. Next we have the King's Palace. The banquet is spread. The palace is suddenly swarmed with rats, who are quickly destroyed by the faithful Cat. The transformation scene is by Mr. Charles Quick. Mr. B. Sylvester, Clown; Felix Saffertini, Pantaloon; Mr. Fred. White, Harlequin; Middle Marie Charles, Columbine; the Warne Family, Sprites.

**GREYAN.**—"Robinson Crusoe; or, Harlequin and his Man Friday, and the Magic Pearl," will prove highly attractive in scenery and incidents—the former truly magnificent, and the latter highly amusing. The transformation scene is designed and painted by Mr. C. Smithers. Clown, Harry Wright; Harlequin, W. Ozmond; Sprites, S. Wilkins; Pantaloon, H. Power; Columbine, Misses Doring and Taylor; and the pantomime is, as usual, the production of Mr. H. Spry and Mr. George Conquest.

**QUEEN'S.**—"Ivanhoe; or, The Fair Maid of York," written by W. E. Suter, Esq., is a burlesque of the well-known romance of "Ivanhoe." The opening is full of smart sayings, rattling proverbs, and practicable fun. The subject has given great scope for gorgeous dresses and scenic display, and we may especially mention the Lake of Beauty, the Gothic Corridor, Distant View of Templeton Castle by Sunset, and the Alceve of Golden Palms in the Regions of Refulgent Light. It is here the Transformation takes place, the Pantomimists being—Harlequin, Mr. Fortune; Columbine, Miss Annie Powers; Pantaloon, Mr. Lawler; Clown, Mr. Robert Harrison.

**EFFINGHAM.**—"Harlequin King Crystal; or, the Princess of the silver Maze and the Good Little Fairy at the Bottom of the Well," is the pantomime here, invented and written by Mr. Edward Towers, and produced under the direction of Mr. Isaac Cohen. The three magnificent scenes which are likely to call for especial remark are the Castle of King Crystal, the Home of Queen Unstoppable, and the Transformation, by Mr. G. S. G. G.



## Law and Police.

## POLICE COURTS.

## BOW STREET.

**HAVING THE ADVANTAGE** OF A FRIEND.—A very respectable-looking old man, of stately carriage and scrupulously neat attire, who said his name was Smith Robinson, was charged with being concerned with another, not in custody, in stealing £10 from Mr. Mulligan, a retired tradesman. The prosecutor stated: I was in Huntley-street, Tottenham-court-road, yesterday afternoon, between four and five o'clock, when I met the prisoner. He stops me, and says, "bless my heart! How do you do? Why, dear, dear me, it is years since we met." I could not recall him, so I says, "Well, really you have the advantage of me, sir." (A laugh.) "Why, bless me!" says he, "I know you very, very well years and years ago." So I began to think I had a faint recollection of him, and I said to him, "Well, what name?" "Robinson," says he. "Well," says I, "I did know a Mr. Robinson, a lively stable-keeper." "No," says he, "I am not that Mr. Robinson; but I knew him very well, and no doubt that was where we met." "Well, sir, I began to think it was all right, so I said to him, 'I am going this way, but if you will come along with me to the Wellington, in University-street, I do not mind standing a glass for old acquaintance sake.' (Laughter.) So, as we walked along, he told me what brought him up town. He said he had bought a horse for £25, and sent his coachman for it, and they would not let him have it, so he had come to see the party himself. "And," he says, "the coachman lives somewhere here—I think this is the very street. What is the name of this street?" "Huntley-street," says I. "That's it," says he; "and here is the very man." Just then a man dressed like a coachman came from one of the houses in Huntley-street as if he had just come out of the house. "Halloa," says the prisoner, "why did you not let my man have that horse?" "Oh," says the coachman, "he only brought £20 and the governor said it should not go for less than £25." "Nonsense," says the prisoner, "I sent him with £25." "Well," says the man, "he only brought £20, and now the governor says you shan't have it at all. I am to take it to Tattersall's." "Dear, dear," says the prisoner, "don't do that. Just tell the governor I am ready to pay the £25. Don't let it go, because my man made a mistake." Well, then the prisoner and I went to the Wellington and had a glass, and presently in comes the coachman. Then he tells the prisoner that the governor won't let him have the horse at any price, he is to go and sell it at Tattersall's, or to a private party. Then the prisoner takes out his purse, and counts out twenty-five sovereigns. "No," says the man, "I am not to sell it to you." "But you may to any one else!" "Yes," says the man. "Well," says I, "sell it to me." (Much laughter.) So the prisoner begins to count out twenty-five sovereigns again, to give them to me. "That won't do," says the man. "If I sit here and see you take the money from him I might as well sell it to him at once." "Well," says I, "£10 is all I have got about me," and I laid £10 on the counter. He sweeps it into his pocket and says, "Come and see the governor." Out he goes, I following, as I thought we were going to the governor, but he was round the corner and out of sight in a minute. (A laugh.) Just at that minute I saw the old gentleman running like a deer. (Roars of laughter.) He was cutting away in a contrary direction from the public-house. I followed, and when I caught him I said, "You old scoundrel, you are colluding with that man to rob me." I could see the drift of it then. (Laughter.) We were just by a public-house kept by a friend of mine, so I got the policeman to help me detain him in the public-house while a policeman was sent for. Now, you see, sir, the reason why I stuck to the old man was this—I had seen him with twenty-five sovereigns, so I thought if I could detain him I should get my money back. (A laugh.) While we were waiting the potboy saw him trying to pass away a purse to some bystander, so he says, "No, you don't do that. I shan't let you pass it away," and he takes the purse from him. When the constable came in he looks at the purse and says, "Oh, there is only ten sovereigns and a shilling in it." Then the prisoner sits down on a bench and leans against a post, as if too faint to sit up, and he clasps the policeman with his arms as if to keep from falling, when he says, "Oh, I feel so bad. I must have a glass of gin." "No," says the landlady, "you don't have gin or anything else in my house." Then the boy looks behind the policeman and sees a heap of sovereigns, and sings out, "Oh, here is twelve of them, at all events." So I thought I should get my £10 back again, but the policeman shakes his head and says, "Not a bit of it; they are all duffers." (Roars of laughter.) Mr. Corrie: Duffers? Witness: Yes, sir. I have every one of them. Mr. Corrie: Do you mean counterfeits? Witness: No, sir; not even counterfeits. They are only medals. Mr. Barnaby (the chief clerk): The old thing, I suppose—on the one side the King, and on the other 'To Hanover,' with a horse for him to go there. (Laughter.) Inspector Garforth: Exactly so; and the one which was supposed to be a shilling is from the same mould, only it is white, and the others are yellow. (Laughter.) Mr. Corrie: Then your treasure did not turn out as good as you expected? (A laugh.) The prosecutor: No, indeed, sir. Inspector Garforth produced two blank cheques which he had found on the prisoner. Mr. Corrie: Ready to fill up? (Laughter.) Inspector Garforth: Just so, sir. Also a warranty of a horse, with blanks for the names of purchaser and seller. Mr. Corrie: That is ready to fill up, too. (Laughter.) I suppose you will want a remand. Inspector Garforth: Yes, sir. We must endeavour to trace the other man. The prisoner was accordingly remanded.

## WESTMINSTER.

**VICK AND HIS CONSEQUENCES**.—Mrs. Mary Anne Seabourne, a widow, carrying on business as a draper, at 41 and 42, Ebury-street, Piccadilly. The prosecutor stated that the prisoner entered her service on the 2nd of November, and early in the present month she missed a dress-plate and other articles, which prisoner, on being questioned, declared she knew nothing whatever about. Subsequently prosecutor told prisoner that she had heard from some of the other assistants on the establishment that prisoner had some things in her box which did not belong to her, when the accused, in allusion to one of the articles named, said she had given to her by her cousin. She afterwards, finding that her box was to be searched, admitted that she had no cousin, and asked prosecutor what course she would take if she confessed. Prosecutor said she would make no promise, and prisoner having consented to her box being searched, a large quantity of miscellaneous property, consisting of stays, stockings, handkerchiefs, gloves, collar, cuffs, and other articles, value nearly £5, belonging to prosecutor, were found. Prosecutor then accused her of having taken money from the till, when she denied that, but admitted that she had taken parts of the amounts paid by customers. Prosecutor had no character with the prisoner, not having had time to make the necessary inquiry, receiving a reference from her to what she supposed to be a respectable private family at Marylebone, she had taken the prisoner, but found that the address given was a public institution. It was stated that the institution in question was a refuge for fallen women, and was urged that, having been the victim of seduction, she was the mother of a child now only five months old, and had been tempted to commit the robbery in order to support it; that the prosecutor had no desire to press the charge, and that if the accused were liberated her friends, who were respectable, would take care of her. A lady was also present from a missionary society, at Ebury-street, who would take care of her. Mr. Selfe said it was a very sad case, but he could not let personal feeling influence him, he must do his duty to the public and be just. It was not his prerogative to exercise mercy; that would be reserved for a higher tribunal, where he thought the case ought to be sent. The effect of listening to the suggestions made in behalf of the prisoner would be to induce others to imagine that they could commit such offences with impunity. Prisoner having pleaded "Guilty," and the magistrate having been earnestly pressed to dispose of the case instead of sending it to jury, Mr. Selfe said he hoped her sentence was sincere, but he must do his duty, and the accused was committed for four months' hard labour in the House of Correction. She was removed in a fainting condition.

**EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR**.—Mr. Thomas Napper, of Dorking, Surrey, gentleman, was charged in the Piccadilly police sheet with committing an offence at the house of Herr Ferdinand Ratschberg, but the parties did not appear when the charges were called on. At a subsequent period, however, both persons attended, accompanied by Inspector Rolle, who said that they had come forward voluntarily, Strousberg wishing to prefer the original complaint against Napper, who had again just been to his house, and the latter being anxious to exhibit a distinct charge against the former. Both having consented to go into the original charge, the complainant, a fashionably-dressed German, speaking English as fluently as a native, about forty years of age, was sworn, and said, in reply to questions from the magistrate: I am not in business; I am a farmer. Mr. Selfe: Let me ask you, sir, are you the person who was connected with the Mitre Assurance Company, and who was convicted? Complainant: No; my brother. Mr. Selfe: Are you not the person who was tried at the Old Bailey? Complainant: Yes, I was tried at the Old Bailey. Mr. Selfe: Then why say no? Complainant: It is irrelevant. Mr. Selfe: We shall see about that; go on with your case. Complainant: I live at 3, Ebury-street. Last night, on my arrival home, I found defendant waiting outside. It appeared he had been there from nine o'clock, and before I got indoors he took out a life-preserver to strike me. I was in my carriage.

I went round to the side; he followed me and said, "I will have your life." Defendant: I demanded my daughter, poor thing, with whom he is living in infamy. Oh, I know too much of him. He has my second daughter, who is younger, and my wife has left me by his inducement. Mr. Selfe (to complainant): Is his wife with you? Complainant: No, she is not; she is lodging at No. 8, Lower Belgrave-place. He said to me, "I will have your life," and I went up to him. He took the life-preserver to try and strike me, and the policeman came up and saw him strike me. He followed me. The constable came up, and I said, "Take this man into custody." He struck me, in the presence of the policeman, in the face, and knocked my hat off. He struck me with his hand. He said, "I will murder you," and the policeman was obliged to call a second man to assist him and prevent his striking me again. Defendant: He has cruelly wronged me. Mr. Selfe to complainant: I ask your means of subsistence. I know you well—know your connexion with the Mitre Company. Complainant: I am the only man left in the Mitre. I paid what was required of me, and had a high compliment given me. Mr. Selfe: And were charged with felony. You do not deny that you were at the Old Bailey. What was that for? Complainant: The charge was for representing myself to be a freeholder instead of a leaseholder. Mr. Selfe: You were convicted of fraud, sir, were you not? For getting money by false pretences? Complainant: That was the charge, I believe. As the constable said to have witnessed the assault was not in attendance, the case was ultimately adjourned, the defendant entering into his own recognisance to appear, it being understood that any charge he had to exhibit was to be deferred until after the present matter was disposed of.

## OLVERKENWELL.

**A WIFE'S SUFFERINGS**.—A respectable-attired female, about thirty years of age, applied to the sitting magistrate, under the provisions of the 21st section of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act, for an order to protect her earnings from her husband or his creditors. The applicant stated that she now resided in Islington, but formerly resided at Rosehampton. Her husband whilst there had very much ill-used her and deserted her. Before he left her he endeavoured to get her into a lunatic asylum, and had beaten her on many occasions. He had left her without means, and she had to sell her furniture to support herself. The magistrate inquired of the applicant when she had last seen her husband, and whether he was now allowing her any money for her support. The applicant said that she saw her husband a short time back, but he was such a violent temper that she was in fear of her life, and she was afraid that he would murder her. She had some considerable property when he married her, of which she received the rents, and also a portion. The magistrate remarked that this was a case in which he could not grant the applicant the order she requested. It was not such a desertion as contemplated by the Act of Parliament. The applicant said that she knew of a case which was precisely similar to hers in which the magistrate had granted an order. Hers was a very hard case. If her husband went back to her he would not be at home long before he would strike her, and in all probability turn her out of doors. If she got together a little property it would not be safe, as her husband could at any moment seize it. The magistrate said he was very sorry that he could not comply with the applicant's request, and dismissed the application.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**MELANCHOLY CASE**.—Inspector Garforth, of the E Division, waited upon Mr. Knox to make an appeal on behalf of a poor woman named Warner, who accompanied him. Mr. Garforth said the husband of the poor woman was a road-sweeper earning about 14s. a week, and with a little earned by the wife kept his family of six children much better than was usual with persons of his class. The previous afternoon the wife left home, leaving the children in the room, situated in Holbrook-place, Fitzroy-market, and after she had been gone a short time, the eldest child, in whose care the others were left, went out also, taking with her all the children but the youngest, a poor little fellow between two and three years of age. On the children returning to the room, they found it in flames. Assistance came, and the fire was extinguished, but every article in the room was destroyed, and on the premises being searched they found the dead body of the poor child who had been left in the room; and knowing the husband and wife to be well-conducted, hard-working people, and deserving of assistance, he had brought the matter before his worship. In answer to Mr. Knox, the poor woman, who was in tears, said she had not been able to leave anything, and was without a home. Mr. Knox gave her temporary assistance, and requested Mr. Garforth to see in the course of the day what could be done for the poor family. The poor woman thanked the magistrate for his kindness.

**DARING ROBBERY IN HYDE PARK** BY SOLDIERS.—James Bury and William Swindle, privates in the Scots' Fusilier Guards, were brought before Mr. Knox, charged with having committed a robbery, with violence, in Hyde-park. Mr. Stratton Moir said I live at No. 37, North-street, and I was in Hyde-park, between the Serpentine and Marble-arch, with two friends, when two soldiers came up to us, from an opposite direction, and I was either pushed down or knocked down by one of the soldiers, and my watch and chain, worth 5s., taken from me. I had been drinking freely, and have no recollection of what further occurred. The watch produced is my watch. Mr. John Stenhouse, painter, No. 37, North-street, Manchester-square: I was with the last witness. I had also been drinking, but know perfectly what I was about. We were crossing the Park when we met two soldiers. The prisoner Bury is one of them, but I cannot speak with certainty as to the other. The soldiers said something to us. I do not recollect the words, but almost immediately afterwards the soldiers took off their belts and attacked us. I fought with Bury, and we rolled together on the ground. After a short contest both soldiers made off. My friend, who had also been on the ground, then felt in his pocket, and said he had lost his watch. We went home, and the next day communicated with the police. Mr. William Godman, decorator, Adam-street-west: I was with the two last witnesses in Hyde-park, and was perfectly sober. We were leading Moir along, who was intoxicated, when two soldiers came up and said, "You cannot get across to-night." My friend spoke loudly. The soldiers spoke about fighting and took off their belts. The prisoner Swindle was one of the soldiers. The other soldier—I am not certain Bury is the man—went towards my friend Moir and threw him down. When the soldier got up he called to Swindle and both ran away. Moir then said he missed his watch. We left the park by getting over the railings near the Marble arch. I can swear to Swindle being the soldier who struck at my friend Moir. We spoke to the police the next day, and soon afterwards the missing watch was discovered. Charles Lloyd, police-constable 97A: I made inquiries about the watch, and I found it had been pawned at Mr. Sowerby's, Grosvenor-row. I went with Mr. Godman to the barracks, and he picked out the two prisoners. John Bosler, assistant to Mr. Sowerby: I produce a watch pledged by the prisoner Bury. The prisoner Bury was accompanied by another soldier. Mr. Knox fully committed both prisoners.

## MARYLEBONE.

**A MIDSHIPMAN ASHORE**.—James Legg, alias Ginger, and well known to the police as an associate of thieves, was charged with stealing from the person of William Morton Pitt, a young midshipman, a silver watch valued at £5. From the evidence given it appears that the juvenile midshipman was in the Edgeware-road, where, he stated, he "picked up" a couple of ladies. Their company was "delightful," and he went to several places with them, and at each had something to drink. He got "slewed," and became very sick, and whilst so, a man came up and, taking his (the midshipman's) silk handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his mouth. Whilst doing this, middy heard a snap at his watch, and directly missed it. Elizabeth Corbett (one of the young ladies alluded to), and who was holding Pitt's head whilst he was sick, saw the prisoner take the watch out of the "young gentleman's" pocket and run away. A policeman named Tompkins, 221 D, came to the spot, and, on looking about, found the ring of the watch. He received a description of the prisoner, and apprehended him. Prisoner pleaded "Guilty" rather than go for trial. Mr. Tyrwhitt sentenced him to three months' hard labour. Prisoner jumped from the dock, exclaiming, "Thank you, sir; you are an old brick. I can manage to do that little morsel on my head."

## THAMES.

**ATTEMPT TO DROWN A WATERMAN**.—John Lyman, a mechanic, was brought up on remand, charged with attempting to drown James Billingsley, a waterman, of No. 7, New Montague street, Whitechapel. On Sunday morning week at one o'clock the prosecutor was playing for hire at Irongate-stairs, adjoining the eastern end of the Tower, when the prisoner and another man accosted him and said they wanted a boat to ferry them to the opposite side of the river. The waterman asked for 6s. from each man, and said he would not take them unless they paid him before they got into his boat. One of the men said he would not cross the river at all, and at the same moment the waterman was pushed into the river. The water was ten feet deep, and he had great difficulty in saving himself. The reason he demanded the fare before he consented to ferry them across the river was that he had been often cheated of his fare James Metcalf, a waterman, was on a barge off Irongate-stairs, and saw the two men standing close to Billingsley. One of them pushed him into the water. Billingsley was struggling, and he

assisted in getting him out of the water. The prisoner: I assure your worship I did not lay a hand on the waterman. He asked 6s. of each of us. I stepped aside with my face to the wall, and when I came back the other man had run away. Billingsley was recalled, and said the prisoner was closest to him when he was shoved into the water. The other man did run away. Mr. Woolrych committed the prisoner for trial.

## SOUTHWARK.

**A NOVEL WAY OF PAYING A CABMAN**.—Timothy Connor, a decent-looking man, was placed at the bar, before Mr. Burcham, charged with assaulting Frederick Berry, a cab-driver, and refusing to pay his fare. The complainant said that about nine o'clock on the previous night he was with his cab in Cannon-street, City, when the prisoner and a female hailed him to drive them to the London-road, Southwark. He accordingly took them, and as the termination of the journey they got out, and the female referred him to the prisoner for the fare. He refused to pay him, and when witness demanded it civilly he struck him a violent blow on the mouth, exclaiming, "Take that," and then he ran off. Witness pursued him and gave him into custody. Mr. Burcham asked how much was the fare. Witness replied: Only a shilling. He should not have thought so much about it had he not struck witness. Mr. Burcham (to the prisoner): What have you to say for yourself? Prisoner: Oh, nothing, your worship. I had a drop too much, and do not know what took place. Mr. Burcham: It is rather a novel way of settling with the cabman. You should have paid him, and not have struck him. Prisoner: I thought the female had paid him. I am very sorry, and I hope your worship will look over it this time. Mr. Burcham: You have assaulted the cabman, who acted very civilly towards you. You must pay a penalty of 5s. and 2s. costs. Prisoner: I have not a farthing, your worship. All my money is gone. Mr. Burcham: Then you are committed for seven days with hard labour. The prisoner was then removed.

## LAMBETH.

**CHEAP METHOD OF TRAVELLING**.—Henry Leys, a Frenchman, described as a physician, was charged with travelling by a second-class carriage from Dover to Camberwell-gate Station by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway without a ticket, and intending to defraud the company of 11s. his proper fare. Mr. Harris, the police inspector of the line, attended to watch the case, and called Mr. John Stevens, the station-master at the Camberwell-gate Station. The latter said that on the previous night the prisoner arrived there by the Dover train, and when asked for his ticket said he had lost it. Witness then asked him for 12s., his fare by a second-class carriage from Dover, when he repeated that he had paid it before, and had taken a ticket at Dover, but had lost it. Mr. Frederick Legg, booking clerk at the Dover Station, of the company's line, deposed that no second-class ticket had been issued from that station to the Elephant and Castle Station on the previous afternoon, so that the statement of the prisoner as to his taking one must be false. In answer to the magistrate's questions, Mr. Harris said the prisoner was without luggage or a farthing in money, and the only article found on him was a gambol. The prisoner, through the company's interpreter, said that he had come from Dunkirk, and that his object in coming to London was to obtain an interview with the Committee of the Friends of Poland, in the hope that they would send him out to Poland, and thus enable him to join the insurgents. Mr. Elliott told him that he could not consistently with his duty, look over the offence of which he had been guilty, and convicted him in a penalty of 40s., or fourteen days' imprisonment. As the penalty is directed by the Act to be levied on the goods and chattels of the offender, if he has any, the prisoner was asked if he was possessed of any goods, and his reply was, "only what he stood upright in," and he was therefore committed to prison for fourteen days. Mr. Elliott considered it odd that a person like the prisoner should have come to London without friends or without a farthing in his pocket for such an object as that stated by him, and said that it was desirable that some inquiries should be made respecting him.

**BENEFIT SOCIETIES**.—Henry Lane, a labouring man, 60 years of age, applied to Mr. Elliott for his assistance to procure him some redress under circumstances of apparently peculiar hardship. The applicant stated that for many years he had been in the employment of Mr. Carter, a City merchant, at Streatham, and at the death of that gentleman, six years ago, the family made him a present of a horse and cart, to enable him to make a living for himself and family. In consequence of a severe attack of sciatica in November twelve months he was obliged to part with his horse and cart, and throw himself on the sick fund of the benefit society to which he had been a subscriber for upwards of twenty years, and regularly paid up his subscription of two guineas a year. He was paid the usual allowance for eight or ten weeks, when, getting better, he declared himself off. Some time after he had a relapse of his former complaint, and went on the sick list again, and while receiving his pay, in February last, he got a friend to write to the Board of Works for the watering of the roads for the parish of Streatham for his son, intending that he (his son) should attend to it in the first instance, and in the event of his (the applicant's) getting better attending to himself when off the sick fund. The tender sent in was not the lowest, so that nothing was heard from the Board of Works, but some kind friend writing to the secretary of his society, mentioned the fact of the application, and his sick allowance was in consequence at once stopped, on the alleged ground that he was "found transacting business for profit and reward" while receiving the funds of the society, and this, according to one of its rules, precluded him from all future benefits from the society. He appealed to the society both by himself and a friend, and proved to them that he had done nothing by which he profited a single halfpenny, but it was all to no purpose; he was told the question must go before the arbitrators appointed from the members, and the arbitrators so appointed gave their decision against him, and then scratched him out of the society, to the funds of which he had been a subscriber without receiving a shilling, and deprived him of the entire benefit arising out of forty guineas subscription. Mr. Elliott admitted that applicant's case appeared to be an exceedingly hard one, yet he doubted whether he could afford him the slightest assistance. The Act of Parliament required that the rules regulating these societies should contain one pointing out the mode in which differences amongst the members were to be settled, and if the rules regulating his society contained one of "arbitration," the members were obliged to submit to them. It was, therefore, most important for persons entering benefit clubs to ascertain the mode of settling disputes amongst the members, and to know that in all cases where there was a clause for arbitration, and the arbitrators appointed under it decided against a member, however unjust, there was no mode of redress. The applicant said it was a most cruel thing to be deprived of five shillings a week for life which he was now entitled to, being sixty years of age, and added that, having nine children to support at the time, it had pinched him hard to make up the two guineas a year for a society from which he is now so unjustly scratched. Mr. Elliott said the only thing he could recommend applicant to do was to take the rules of the society before Mr. Tidd Pratt, and to explain the whole of the circumstances to that gentleman. Considering the case of the applicant an exceedingly hard one, he should order him a sovereign out of the poor-box. The poor man thanked his worship many times before he left the court.

## HAMMERSMITH.

**CLOTHING A VOLUNTEER—WHO'S TO PAY THE TAILOR'S BILL?**—Mr. W. B. Haskins, a tailor, of King's-road, Chelsea, appeared before Mr. Dayman to answer an adjourned summons, at the instance of Captain Turner, the adjutant of the South Middlesex Volunteers, for neglecting to pay on demand the sum of two guineas, required by the rules of the corps to be subscribed by him as a member towards the expenses thereof. The defendant did not dispute his liability, and expressed his readiness to pay the money when his claim against the corps for providing the late drill instructor of No. 1 company, of which he (the defendant) was a member, had been discharged. Captain Turner denied that the corps was liable, and said he knew nothing whatever about the claim. It also appeared that the defendant had summoned the drill instructor in the County Court for the amount of his bill, when the judge, the late Mr. Adolphus, nonsuited him, and held that the corps was liable. This summons had been adjourned for a month to enable the defendant to send in his claim to the finance committee of the corps, but it appeared that he had not furnished the committee with the account, he being under the impression that the summons was adjourned to allow his worship an opportunity of considering the question. Captain Turner said the defendant, denying that they ever gave the defendant an order for the uniform. The defendant said he had no written order. It was given by the officers of the company generally for the drill instructor to attend the review in Hyde Park. He made the uniform about three years and a half ago. At that time the corps was not in the efficient state that it now was, and each company managed its own petty affairs. He had sent in several accounts for the money. The claim had been recognised, as he had received a portion of the debt on account. Mr. Dayman said that if each company formerly managed its own petty affairs he thought that the whole corps could not be made liable for the debts which would remain. It was a very nice question to decide. However, as the defendant had not sent in his claim to the finance committee, he should order the payment of the subscription, and leave him to his remedy to recover for the uniform. The money was immediately paid.



## Literature

# HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## MISTAKEN, OR NOT MISTAKEN, MERCY?

WHEN the chaplain set out to pay his first visit after his recovery from his illness, as he called it, Lota was "leaning over her hands," as the Spaniards have it.

"What would become of her?" was partially her thought; but the weight of her fear lay in fearing what would become of St. Maur, when he heard that she had fallen away from her professed Christianity, again assumed the Hindoo dress, and again stood before a Hindoo altar.

She felt herself infamous—worthy of contempt from both camps. She could not cease to love, and yet she feared to hate. She looked back through the years she had passed amongst the Christians, and then beyond, and all seemed such a confusion that she dared not judge of the future.

Her life hung on a thread. And yet she pitied her husband more than she feared for herself. Thus far she was a true Christian; thus far, at least, she had fallen away from the faith of the followers of Siva, who must know no pity.

Sometimes, in her musing, she thought of death; but the world about, out of which she felt she had forced herself, or rather into which she had never fully entered, seemed so sweet and beautiful, that she feared to quit it.

In a word, she deceived, and those who deceive are too often cowards. She had drifted into cowardice, and this she felt as she pressed her hand over her temples, and felt that her heart was cleft.

She had suffered far more than the chaplain since that awful meeting in the temple. It was so terrible that he should have been the man, he who bound her to the Englishman in marriage, whom she was to see strangled on the night when she again professed the Hindoo faith in the Indian temple, and stood the high priestess before the angry, hating Brahmins.

What a life of suspense those few short weeks were!

Would the minister denounce her?

Far as she had progressed in the knowledge of Christianity, she could not yet comprehend the principle of eternal forgiveness.

If she could but die!

Then she remembered her little one, and prayed neither to the Almighty, nor to Siva, nor Brahma for life; but, in her desolation and misery, to the "Unknown God."

Phil Effingham was called in by St. Maur—but what could Phil

Effingham do? Give him a leg to cut off, any surgical operation to manage—give him a case of del trem, and he knew what to be after; but question as he might, and cudgel his brains as he might, he could not make out what was the matter with his companion's wife. So he came to the conclusion that it was what he was pleased to call the "mopes," but which to Lady St. Maur herself he gave the title of "nervous depression."

His advice to the baronet was, "Trot her out Clive, my boy; trot her out."

Well, Lota was taken out, and all to no purpose. She sought the solitude she could not endure; she courted death while she clung to life.

So those weary days ran into weeks, and the morning came when the chaplain was brought over in a dhooly.

It was now the month of April, 1857, and never was Cawnpore gay as in that month. Indians might scowl as they went past, but this they had always done when not smiling, and little note

tion, was false in suggestion. It was perfectly true that the chaplain had entered the temple, as he said, and for the purpose he stated, and that he was strangled from behind; but, at the same time, there was an implied untruth in the suppression of his various interviews with the Nena, and the suppression of the magnitude of the disaffection against the English, which the crowded state of the building proved.

There can be no doubt, and the chaplain has since admitted the justness of this assertion, that he was very remiss in his behaviour on this point. There can be little doubt that had he in that month of April (then progressing) made known the evidence of disaffection amongst the Indians, the information would have prevented the organization with which the revolt was carried out, by the arrest of the Nena, who was notoriously the leader of the revolt in the very centre of the district in which it broke out.

Unhappily an excess of Christianity on the part of the minister prevented those measures of precaution being taken which would

have put the English on guard, and have admitted of the calling up of forces from the non-disaffected districts.

Graham's mistake lay in this—that in that very unhappy affair he treated the Brahmins as though they were Christians—supposing that his Christian forbearance would work upon their sense of justice, and urge them to be good men for the future, while they escaped punishment for an attempt at murder.

Unfortunately, it did not strike him that his silence might be so used as to increase the virulent hate of those who had been present, rather than abate their hate, and convert it into something like love. It never struck Graham that it was just possible the wary, cunning priests would assert, and with great show of reason, that Siva had worked a miracle in the true cause, and had taken away from the Englishman all knowledge of the terrible scene in the temple.

Such was indeed the fact, and one readily and easily accepted by people who, being unable to comprehend forgiveness in themselves, could not comprehend it in others. And thus it fell out that the very silence which he hoped would soften the hearts of the barbarians, made them more proud, exultant, and sure of success against the "white tyrants."

Add to this that Graham had not the faintest belief in disaffection amongst the Hindoos, and had not been ac-

quainted with the rumours of insurrection which had drifted to the ears of those high in authority since the beginning of that year, and the reader has been put in possession of the condition of mind (undoubtedly anxious) which led Graham to complete silence on the subject of the fierce tragedy in the temple.

That silence, taken from every point of view, was a deplorable error.

But he never wavered in his course of conduct, and indeed so far was he from doubting it, that his chief anxiety in connexion with that wickedness was the desire to see Lota, and calm the fear he knew she must be experiencing, as he had learnt from the good fellows who came to pay him visits, and of whom he heard the news of the day, that Lady St. Maur was far from well. He, in his impatience to see her, would have requested her to visit him,



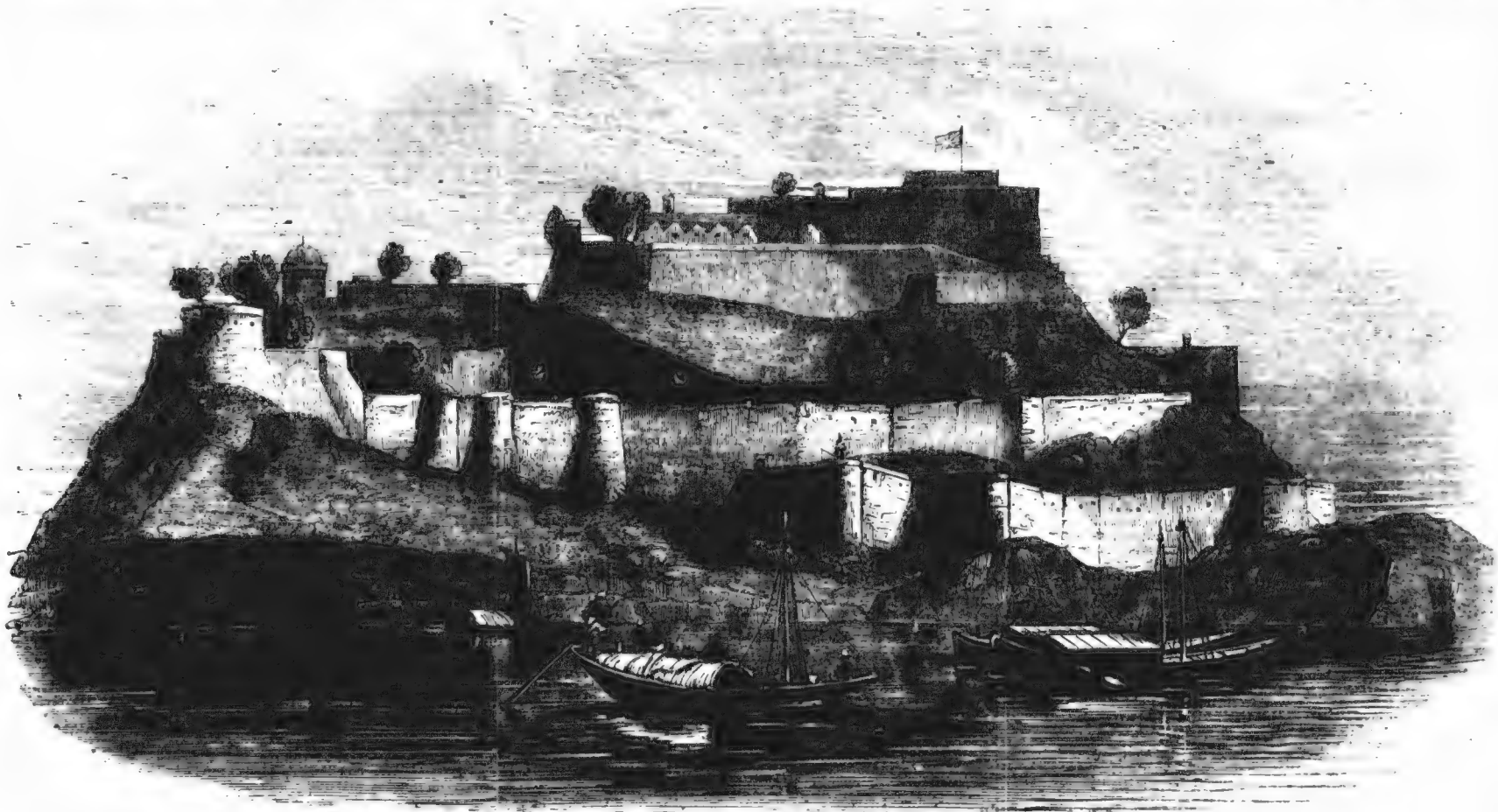
VILLAGE OF BULLOUR, NEAR CAWNPORE. (See page 446.)

was taken off the natives—"niggers" as the young subs would persist in calling them.

The commandant had of course prepared to make an inquiry into the affair of the chaplain's escape from strangulation, but the chaplain himself had arrested the commandant's good intentions.

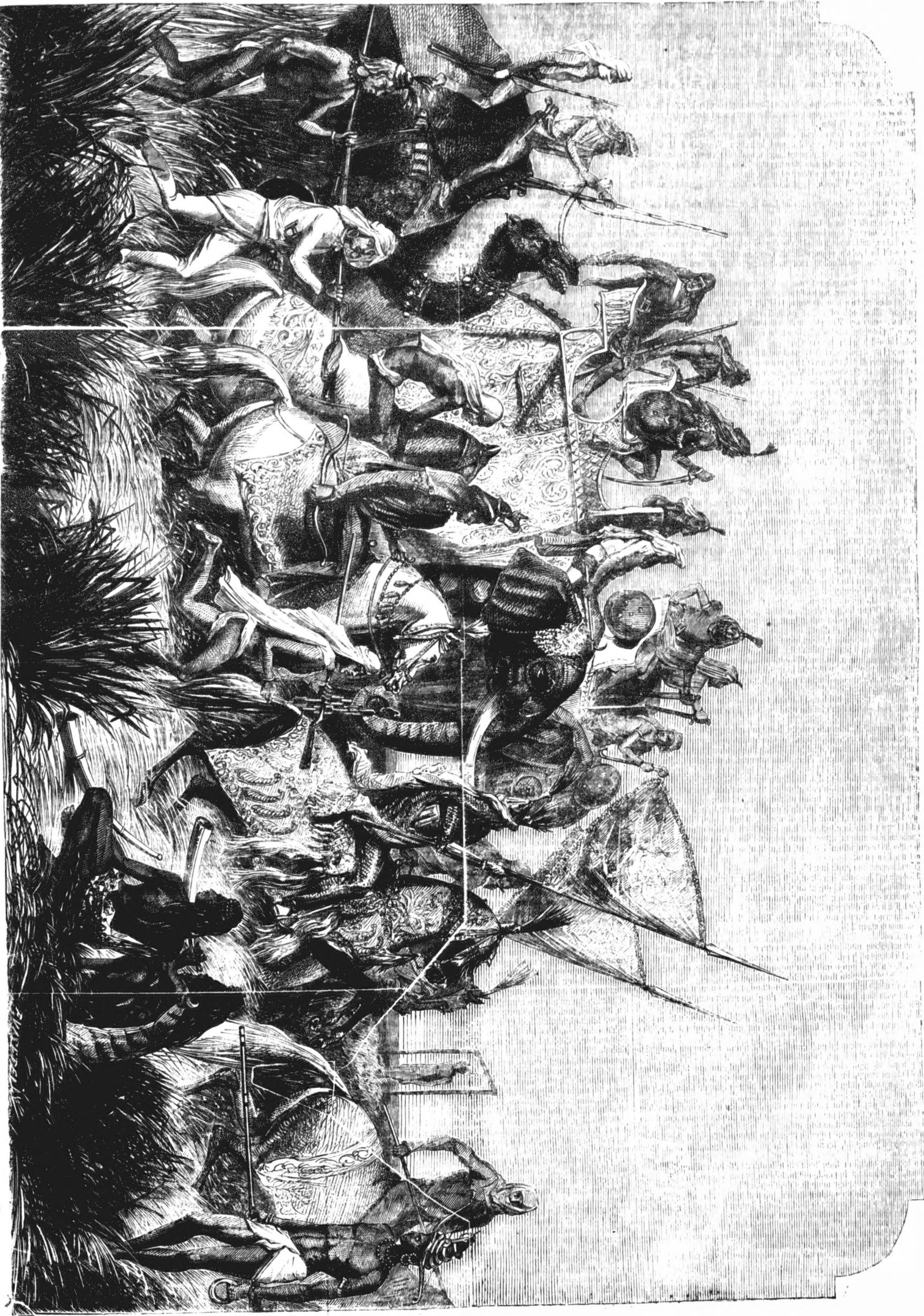
Graham had written, saying that there was no need of inquiry—that he had gone to the temple to see how the great pagoda looked by moonlight—following out his known architectural predilections; that he had been attacked by Thugs, and that the further explanation made by the Nena Sahib might be accepted as completing the history,—the chaplain adding that very clearly he could not say what had passed after he had the kerchief wound round his neck.

Now, the reader will see that this letter, though true in asser-



FORTRESS OF CHUNAR ON THE GANGES.





SEVEN FIFTH BATTALION OF THE SIKHS. (See page 446)



but he feared some possible outburst on her part, and feared that a third human being might hear them.

So he waited till he could crawl into a dhooly, and then he was carried to Lota's bungalow.

When he was announced, she started from the shadow in which she was sitting, and like the guilty creature she was—guilty of weakness—she trembled and turned pale.

"The sahib," said Vengha, "asks if he may enter."

"Yes," she said.

Vengha came near her.

"Be of good cheer, Lota," she said; "pray to Siva, and all will be well."

The Indian woman, now beginning to stoop in her walk, and to be feeble even in her rage, quitted the room, and presently returned, ushering in the minister.

Whatever the faith of each, there was a great difference in their faces. His was simple, plain and kindly; Vengha's full of depth and defiance. They were light and darkness, peace and war, good and evil, standing like the myth of the pure and inspired angel and asking Lota to choose between them.

"Vengha," said Lota, "go down to Mrs. O'Gogarty, and take this book to her."

Vengha started, as though she had been struck, and she said she would send Jessie with it.

"Go yourself!" said Lota.

Vengha bowed—perhaps somewhat awe-stricken. She upheld superstition, till she herself now yielded to its influence. There was a will in Lota's eyes which Vengha could not withstand, and at which she wondered, not knowing that it was the will of despair.

The minister was about to speak (she had already shaken hands with him—or, rather, he had taken her passive hand and pressed it), when she said, in a hoarse tone, "Wait!" and, going to the window, she stood till a look of relief passed over her face.

"That woman Vengha has an evil influence over the poor woman," thought the minister as he also saw the ayah (as she now called herself) pass down the road, which was so open that the slow-moving figure could be watched for many minutes.

Never once did Lota quit the view of this woman—never once did she look at Graham till Vengha was out of sight.

"I fear you are in pain, Lady St. Maur," he said gently; "at least, I hear so. Perhaps you have something on your mind. What can I do for you? Can I help you?"

"A truce, sir, to cruelty," she said harshly; "tell me when I am to expect that you will denounce me?"

"Denounce you, Lady St. Maur—for what?"

"You knew me in the temple."

He smiled.

"I have forgotten," he replied, sweetly.

"Forgotten!"

"What do you mean?"

She did not answer for some moments, and when she did she turned from the window. By that time Vengha had disappeared.

"I have forgotten. I was in the temple—what happened I know not, except that some unknown being or beings strangled me, and that our Phil Eflingham brought me back to a life which is naturally almost at its end."

"Do you say you have forgotten all?" she said, with a look of awe upon her face.

"All!" he said, smiling sweetly.

Of course he meant *spiritually* he had forgotten all.

Lota, still half-awakened by her Indian faith of near a score of years, accepted the statement literally; and, doing so, accepted it with the teaching of Vengha, to the effect that Siva, the Destroyer, had deprived the Englishman of memory, that the work of extermination might be accomplished.

And thus it happened, that exactly as Graham by his silence had aided the cause from which he narrowly escaped being the first English victim, so now, while endeavouring practically to Christianize unhappy Lady St. Maur, he was actually strengthening that faith in her in the Indian god, which was wavering and tottering, almost to its fall.

Happily—and we hasten at once to make the reader acquainted with this fact—this conviction died within five minutes of its being accepted.

As his forgetful, because gentle, face turned upon her, she thought, "Vengha speaks truth. Siva is the great and true God, or the Almighty of this man, and all Christians, would not have taken his knowledge from him. Siva has worked a miracle. Praise be Siva!"

For a few minutes—and a kindly person will barely condemn her for the transient belief—she fell away from all her growth of Christianity, and became once more a devoted Hindoo. In a moment she looked upon the poor minister as a something abandoned of the gods, an outcast without a soul. The new-born arrogance found its way into her voice. She spoke to him as to an idiot, before whom she might utter great secrets, but who would not have power to restrain them longer than the sound of their betrayal rested on the ears.

"You remember nothing?"

"Nothing," he said, smiling. "But tell me, can I do naught for you—soften no hard thought in your heart?"

"You can do nothing for me," she said.

"Yet I have aided you."

"When you saved me, and my brother, the Nena, from arrest—do you mean then?"

He smiled.

"I remember nothing of any matter which should cause the arrest of either of you. Do not let us talk of such wild subjects. Rather, Lota, if I may call you so—rather let us talk of love and pity, and how he who forgives blesses himself."

"He cannot recall that night," she thought, "even when I speak of it. Siva is the true God. These English must surely die!"

"Sit down, and take my hand."

"I have no need," she said, harshly. "What have you to say to me? If aught, speak! If you have naught to say to me, begone!"

She spoke imperiously and cruelly. She was no longer Lady St. Maur—she was the High Priestess Lota.

Pity her. Supposed miracles have converted the peaceful, often before this century, into mere butchers of their own kind.

"No," he said, calmly; "you have a better heart than lies in your words, my child—you are not merciless."

"Indeed I am!" she said, drawing herself up proudly in her new faith in the Destroyer, and looking upon Graham as upon some lower animal she could not touch.

"Nay; the only words you uttered in the temple, and by which you betrayed yourself, were words of pity and Christian entreaties for my life."

She looked, and her face became a blank. *He remembered.*

"Had," she asked herself,—"had Siva become powerless? Had his god gained a victory over the destroyer?"

Those few words swept her down from the pedestal of exaltation upon which the poor creature had placed herself, and she was, as it were, once more at the feet of the minister.

"You do not forget?" she said, white-faced and trembling.

"As a Christian, my child, yes. But as a human, comprehending being, I do remember every circumstance."

"And you could denounce me and the Nena to the commandant?"

"No, I could not do that."

"But you are able to do so?"

"Yes; but my poor Lota, you are not yet, I fear, a good Christian. Our Master tells us always to forgive and forget."

Somehow, when we Christians forgive, we say we forget; but that is impossible while we have our senses, my dear, strive as we will. But when I remember your share in the work of that night, I say, 'She acted as a Christian.' Whatever was occurring, Lota—whatever did occur, you yourself were merciful. And I have come here to tell you all, and pray you to be at peace with yourself, for that you are not to blame."

"Oh forgive me!" she cried, taking his shrivelling, old, white right hand, and kissing it, "I am so wretched—I know not what to think, or how to act. I am as a tree between two meeting winds—neither alone would do me harm; together they do end my life. I thought you came here because—"

Then she hesitated. Had she but spoken—had he but allowed her to speak—he would have been put upon his guard; he would have learnt the danger of silence—the great gain to the Indians to which his silence had been turned—and Cawnpore might have been saved.

Unfortunately, Graham himself once more was, all unthinkingly, the enemy of his people, for he said, "Lota, I do not want to learn for what purpose you suppose I came here, but listen to what I have to say. I have watched you, without being able to avoid doing so, for some weeks, and I know that the two faiths are struggling in your breast, and I am most sorry for you. When I think of the men standing about those bleeding creatures in the temple, the gentle words seem whispered in my ears—'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' My dear, you war in the war which many a human being has waged, and in which many a good man and woman has fallen dead; it is the war of faiths. For my part, I do not fear the end, for can your old faith equal the law of your new? Listen to it, in the good words themselves, 'Love one another, return good for evil, and when you pray, pray to the Father.'"

"You are tempting me," she said, smiling sweetly.

"I pray heaven I do," he said.

And so, in these, her words, she admitted that when upon her marriage she professed Christianity she had sworn falsely; and he, by his words, showed that in learning that awful truth he could still pity and not blame.

Lota had spelt the book of Christianity through now.

The long lesson she had learnt throughout the time of her marriage—the sharp, quick lessons in Christianity on the roof, where all cheerfully helped each other,—these perhaps had been arrested by the supposed miracle by the god Siva. But that false prophet—thought destroyed; she had turned back to Christianity, wholly loving, and utterly without doubt.

But as her love for the new faith increased, her fear of the old enlarged in equal proportion.

Some may say this was impossible. Such are wrong—especially in the case of Hindooism, which takes an immensely strong hold on the mind.

"Leave me to myself now," said Lota; "but you will come and see me again soon, will you not?"

"Ay, that he would," he said; and, indeed, he was not able to continue the interview any longer, he being still weak and ailing.

And so, as Vengha came back from the bungalow of the colonelless of the 3—th she saw this sight.

The Christian minister, being led to his carriage on one side by a servant, on the other by Lota.

Vengha bowed her head humbly, but her eyes were fierce.

When she followed her lady into the house, her head was still drooped.

But, reaching the sitting-room of her lady, she raised her head, placed her hands upon Lota's forehead, and said, in Sanscrit, "Thou hast done well!"

"You seem to forget yourself," said Lota, speaking not like an Indian, as was her custom, and using the English language.

"Leave the room!"

The woman fell back awe-stricken.

She paused.

Then she lowered her head, placed her hands upon the back of her neck, humbly, and maintaining this posture, she retired backwards from the room.

But her eyes were not humble. They said clearly, "We watch—be prepared!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### NEAR AT HAND.

THERE were bruits and warnings of the catastrophe which was at hand, but they were unheeded. There was much said about the shock to the religious prejudices of the native Hindoos by the preparation of the greased cartridges; but no human being could have any idea of the immense spread of the conspiracy, or, assuredly, means would have been taken to secure the strongholds of the districts in the hands of the whites.

Never was an insurrection so utterly unexpected and unprepared for. Even to the very last, officers were expressing a firm belief in the fidelity of their men, when these latter rushed in and slew the unhappy gentlemen; and indeed so deep was the belief in the fidelity of troops—a belief which could only have been based upon the apparent candour and good-fellowship of the native troops—that in many cases officers attributed the falling away of their men, not so much from sympathy with the insurgents, as from that feeling of temptation towards unrestricted liberty which distinguishes all mutiny, and allures undisciplined men towards it.

That no precautions were taken till the massacres had eventually commenced is beyond dispute. For instance, one of the most important ports on the Ganges, the river high road, of India, was almost wholly in the hands of the Indians. This fort, that of Chunar, was really an important point. The fortress, of Chunar, of which we engrave a sketch, is a place of great strength, seated on an isolated rock on the Ganges, about eighteen miles from Benares, in which neighbourhood great hordes of the rebels assembled.

The fortress has its history, in connexion with our own. In November, 1764, it was attacked by our forces, and the attack failed. The next year a second attempt was made, this time with greater advantage to what is called our "prestige"; the fort was taken. It was important as a position, commanding the river as it did completely. It was applied to the comparatively peaceable purposes of an invalid establishment and granary for the army, though it must also plead guilty of being a depot of warlike stores, all of which fell into the hands of the enemy.

Originally, the fort seems to have been built by the Hindoos; but it has been so frequently repaired and altered, and added to, that little of any of the first structure remains; the greater part of the present building is certainly Mahomedan. Our garrison there early in 1857 consisted of but 150 invalid soldiers of the Royal Artillery and Fusiliers. This small number was afterwards strengthened by sixty men of her Majesty's 37th Regiment, the whole garrison being under the command of Colonel Blake, of the Bengal Artillery.

So it was with many other equally important places.

The fight is done now, and victory has been gained; but there can be little doubt that had precautions been taken early in 1857, much blood, both English and Indian, might have been spared. Undoubtedly the insurrection would have broken out, but so feebly that it would have been quickly destroyed. As it was, we ran a narrow chance of losing India.

Nor had most of the men who ought to have foreseen the rebellion, the justification of the chaplain of the 3—th, the Rev. George Graham, whose hyper-Christianity conducted to the general catastrophe.

All through that month of April, the gay, social, and it is to be feared backbiting life of Cawnpore progressed. The news of the day was, who was going to be married to who, who had quarrelled with who, not a thought of massacre—not a dream of wholesale death.

This twaddling news was varied by the coming and going of one or two plot personages. First to create a flutter was Shah Singh, a character who will figure importantly in this history. The Shah (a), rajah of the Sikhs, was an active personage in the great rebellion.

The Shah had come on a visit to Nena Sahib, who kept his plot well concealed from all—being so far a great man that he was powerful to work evil silently.

And here we may set it out that the Nena had been remarkable during this month for his frequent absence from Cawnpore and Bhitoor, the latter his usual place of residence. It is clear now what was his policy. Fearing he might be watched—for, like all cowards, he feared those who had no fear of him—he betook himself frequently to a fortified place he had at the village of Ballour. (b) Here the English had no white faces who could chance to pry into the Nena's actions.

Then, when the Shah Singh was gone, Sir Colin Campbell came. He was not a man of mark then, and his appearance in Cawnpore called for little commotion. Within a year, his was to be the chief household name in India. (c)

There is no evidence that even Lord Clyde, with all his acumen, perceived the threat in the air.

It was on the 5th of May that Lota received the signal to escape from the white race—from child, and husband, and home.

It was a lotus—the stalk reddened, as with blood.

Holding it in her hand (it had been brought by one of the table servants)—holding it in her hand, she ran towards the room in which she knew her husband was seated.

Her fingers were on the door, when a heavy hand was laid upon her wrist.

She turned.

To see Vengha—Vengha, with set face and lips, defying her.

(To be continued in our next.)

(a) THE SHAH SINGH—Prince Soltykoff, to whom we are indebted for our illustration, also furnishes us with a description of his visit to the great Sikh chief, Sahir Singa. He says: "As we approached Omkaur, the Rajah came out to meet us. A file of elephants, accompanied by a cloud of horsemen, came into view; and when I arrived in their midst it seemed as if I had been carried back into remote antiquity. The plain, far and wide, was covered with thousands of Sikh horsemen, superbly clothed, and mounted on fiery chargers. A little imagination sufficed to convert them into an army of Saracens, with their Sultan Saladin. The great personages, sprinkled with precious stones, were seated on thrones of gold and silver, mounted on elephants, who in turn were adorned with housings of embroidery. After these came their domestic servants, many of them entirely naked, others with garments of linen, hanging in wild, graceful (but not over clean) folds, from their persons. But even amongst the horsemen, resplendent as they were in silk and velvet, were here and there others equally nude, and only indebted to art for a little strip of linen bound round their loins. They bestrode magnificent horses, sumptuously apparelled; and were the grooms of those mounted on the elephants. Some unfortunate nates clung to the tails of their master's horses—young Sikh dandies, glorious in cloth of gold, armed with many daggers, swords, and pistols, with moustachios turned up, and their beards carefully separated in the centre of their chin, and combed backward to their ears with ferocious coquetry. I noticed while passing through the Luxuriant fields, a man hanging on a gibbet and afterwards learned that he was a thief. His feet were already gnawed away by dogs. The contrast of this ghastly corpse with the brilliant cavalcade passing beside it, no one heading it, was indeed most striking."

(b) BULLOUR—The view which we engrave on page 444 will interest our readers, if only as a specimen of village architecture in Bengal. It, however, is interesting as connected with the Nena. By the way, it is perhaps well to tell at once how an emissary of the insurgents was discovered in the fort of Allypore tampering with the regiment. The sepoy, under loyal influence, surrendered him to their commander, and on their evidence he was tried, and sentenced to be hanged. At the time appointed for the execution, the regiment assembled, and the gallows received its victim; but before the traitor was put down, another detachment of the 9th, stationed at Blundeshur, came in, and marched on to the ground; a man stepped out from the ranks and upbraided their comrades of Allypore, declaring that they had destroyed a martyr to the cause of religion, since the Company's Government were firmly bent upon destroying caste throughout India. The men listened, debated, wavered, and finally broke up with loud shouts, declaring their intention of marching to Delhi, which resolve was speedily put in execution. Unlike the regiments of Meerat and Delhi, however, the 9th did not attempt to molest their officers, but only politely dismissed them; but they plundered and burnt at will, and drove the civilians before them; and then, uniting, marched off to swell the ranks of the mutineers in Delhi. The village of Bullour is about eight miles from Cawnpore. Our sketch was taken from the cross roads to the westward of it, near a monument erected to an European officer who was buried there in 1864.

(c) LORD CLYDE—We cannot refrain from introducing, at the very first mention of this name in connection with this poor story, the last splendid words which have been said over his memory; and if the details are a little lengthy, we trust our readers will pardon us them for the sake of him to whom they refer. It was the Earl of Grey and Ripon who uttered these words in public. He said to his hearers:—"Lord Clyde, then Lieutenant Campbell, was wounded at St. Sebastian, and he immediately after received another wound at the passage of the Bidassoa; but there is connected with the short period between the two actions a story which, perhaps, the great majority of you have not heard. Lord Clyde was at the time lying in hospital at St. Sebastian with an open wound, when he happened to ascertain that an engagement was about to take place with the enemy. He thereupon, with another companion similarly circumstanced, joined his regiment—I am sorry, for the sake of military discipline, to have to add—without leave, and went through the battle of the Bidassoa with great distinction, receiving there a second wound. He was on that occasion told that his breach of discipline rendered him liable to be severely punished, but that the offence would be passed over because of the eminent gallantry which he had displayed. It is true that, after this war in the Peninsula, a long time elapsed during which the public heard but little of Colonel Campbell, but he was nevertheless during that time engaged in the performance of a great work, for there are few public duties more important than those which devolve on the commanding officer of a regiment, and to the admirable manner in which he discharged those duties his royal highness has borne ample testimony; and when at length he was chosen, most wisely by the Government of the day, to fill the high position of Commander-in-Chief in India, at a moment of great peril, most nobly did he justify the confidence which was reposed in him, and prove the value of that regimental training which he had undergone in the earlier portion of his career. The result of his proceedings in India speaks for itself. He contributed in an eminent degree to preserve to us our Indian empire; and I believe I shall be borne out by the opinions of men more competent than myself to form a judgment on the point, when I say that his campaign in that country will long remain a worthy model for the contemplation of the students of military science. We now know that it was during the campaign in India he received that injury which ultimately led to the termination of his valuable life; but how few were aware, in the midst of the stirring events of the time, that with a dislocated shoulder, which had been scarcely set, he the very day after his accident superintended in his palanquin an attack on a fort held by the enemy? It was in this noble spirit that he conducted to a successful issue his brilliant operations. But there was another secret in his life which contributed to earn for him the eminence which he achieved—it is one of the secrets of the success of all great military commanders—he possessed a singular power of attaching to him the men under his command. He was very careful of the lives of his soldiers. He did not hurt them recklessly on the enemy, thinking solely of obtaining victory for himself. He guarded them against danger, as far as was consistent with the attainment of the object which he had in view. They knew, therefore, that when he called upon them to make unusual exertion it was because he was convinced of the necessity of the occasion, and they went forward to victory with the confidence which was justified by experience. Such was the public career of Lord Clyde; but by his intimate acquaintance he was valued perhaps more for those great private virtues which attached to him so many friends, than for his eminent qualifications as a commander. His character was one of the most remarkable simplicity and modesty; simple in his manner, simple in every act of his life, he was ever ready to give to others that praise which was his own due, and to associate with him his subordinates in his success. Those who knew him well can also bear testimony to the fact that he was of a nature the most generous and open."



## NEW MUSIC.

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 "Trust in the Lord." Sacred song. Words by J. Duff. Music by Edward L. Hime.—The words of this sacred song, although not great in the poetic beauty, are still fervid; and with the expressive music of Mr. Hime, are made expressive, and particularly adapted to this season.

"The Oak and the Sapling." Ballad. Words by J. Duff. Music by Henry Smart.—A pretty little idea, and as prettily carried out. The music is a beautiful composition.

"Bird of the Wilderness." Words by the Ettrick Shepherd. Music composed for Mr. Kennedy by Edward Land.—It is somewhat remarkable that these beautiful and poetic lines, by the Ettrick Shepherd, have not been set to music before. If we are indebted to Mr. Kennedy for the suggestion, we thank him for this welcome addition to such songs. The music is equally as flowing as the words, and must become a great favorite.

"The Bel Demonio Vale." Composed by W. H. Montgomery.—Those who have heard this spirited waltz at the Royal Lyceum Theatre will now experience additional pleasure in having the opportunity of playing it themselves, more especially as it introduces the principal melodies of that popular piece.

"Parfait Amour." Romance for the Piano, by J. L. Hime.—Fully maintains the reputation of this popular composer. Many of the passages are very brilliant.

Why is the polka like India ale. Because there are so many hops in it.

JONATHAN SLICK'S FIRST SIGHT OF AN OPERA SINGER.—I was staring with all the eyes I had in my head, when the harmonious critter I ever set eyes on cum flying into the middle of the room, and there she stood on one foot, with her arms out and her face towards us, looking as bold, and smiling as soft, as if she'd never done nothing else all her life. I was so scared when she first sprung in, that I raly didn't know which oend my head was on. The darned critter was more than half naked—she was, by golly! To save my life I couldn't look at her straight with that blue-eyed gal a setting close by me. At first I was so struck up that I couldn't see nothing but an all-fired handsome face smiling under a wreath of flowers and naked legs, and arms, and neck, a flying round like a live windmill. I thought I should go off the handle at first: I felt sort of dizzy, and as if I was blushing all over. I don't think I was ever in such a twitter in my hull life.

I partly got up to go out, and then I sat down again as streaked as lean pork, and kivered my face with my yeller gloves, but somehow I couldn't hold my hands still all I could do—the fingers would git apart, so that I couldn't help but look through them at that plaguy, darned handsome, unelcent critter, as she jumped and whirled and stretched her naked arms out towards us, and stood a smiling and coxing and looking to the fellers. It was enough to make a feller cuss his mother because she was a woman; but I'll be darned if there's a feller on earth that could help looking at the critter! . . . I've seen a bird charmed by a black snake, but it was nothing to this—not a priming. One minute she'd kinder flutter round the room softly and still, like a bird that's just beginning to fly; then she'd stand on one foot, and twinkle t'other out and in, against the ankle, so swift you couldn't but just see it. Then she'd hop forward and twist her arms upon her bosom, and stick one leg out behind her, and stand on one toe for ever so long till all on us had a fair sight on her that way. Then she'd take another hop, and pint her right toe forward, and lift it higher, till by-and-by round she'd go like a top with her leg stuck out straight and whirling round and round like the spoke of a broken waggin with a fat to it. It raly did beat all that I ever did see. When she stood up straight, her white frock was all sprigged over with silver, and it looked out like a cloud of snow, but it didn't reach half-way down to her knees, and stuck out dreadfully behind. I hadn't dared to unkniver my face yet, and was sort of tremblin' all over in a dreadful pucker, wondering what on earth she meant to do next, when she gave a whirl, kissed her hand, and lopped away, as spry as a cricket, just as she came in.

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